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FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

COPROMISE is the order of the day. The King of Naples holds out as stubbornly as Pharaoh, so we begin proceedings by going towards his coasts. After infinite irresolution we have to act, and this is the way we do it.

For not interfering at all a good case might be made out. Perhaps the general run of people are indifferent about Naples, and would not have minded if entire non-intervention had been pursued. But when once you depart from that principle, why not go with vigour in your new direction? Why not go "to" your object, instead of "towards" it, at once? We are always going "towards" every object now-a-days, and in some cases run no great risks by so doing; but the consequences are more serious in such matters as the Neapolitan one. It is absurd to suppose that, by just keeping outside the Bay, our fleets will cause none of the revolutionary movements deprecated. Their neighbourhood will be felt in the excited air—felt by a population heated by long exasperation, and, as it were, invited to move by the withdrawal of the embassies; and it is not improbable that they may be compelled to advance, by events which would never have happened if they had advanced at first. Had we adopted that last course, we should have been standing for a principle; as it is, we are only making a threat—a threat, too, that may cause all the mischiefs of real action, without producing its good. The Convenient will view this resolution as a half-way measure, obtained by English impetuosity from French caution, and will blame England for the worst consequence that happen. The whole thing is timid, uncertain, and contradictory; it is a game at snapdragon with revolutionary fire, but while Palmerston gets the fun, the public only gets the burnings.

The present intervention—for intervention it is in fact, if not in form—grew naturally enough out of the Paris Congress. Questions then arose about Italy, and were formally entertained. The knowledge of that fact at once awoke interest on the south of the Alps; and with a new life in Sardinia, it was impossible that the old life of Naples should remain as before. Bomba did not see that an event like the Russian war could not subside without agitation; that the whole Liberalism of Europe had been awakened afresh; that France and England had increased in strength and influence; and that it became a monarch, in his pecu-

liar position, to try and put his kingdom in a little decent order. Not he! The world, fresh from the chastisement of a really great offender, was provoked by the daily cruelties of a little one. What could be expected? Why, that the old disgust of the civilised world would take some practical shape at last. But Bomba relied on his position as part of "the system." A man may have a bad tooth-ache, and yet shrink from having his tooth extracted at the risk of

Our chief fear regarding this complication is, that the half-and-half way in which we have gone to work will produce abortive revolutionary movements. In dealing with a wild beast, poking him with a stick is far worse than striking him with an iron bar. We are likely to provoke Bomba now, and yet not to give his subjects sufficient hopes to make them rise *en masse*. On whose heads will the blood be? On whom the responsibility of the horrors that are probable? On those who make the demonstration so inefficient. We feel no alarm at what Austria might do if we went further, for there is no Power which England could hit so hard, if she were so minded. And here let us say, that if an attack by Austria on Sardinia should arise out of these difficulties, it is the duty of England to oppose her at once. She will then see how far it is true that this country has sunk to a "second-rate" position—a theory of hers which (though supported by certain awkward facts) still, we are glad to think, requires confirmation.

A week or two will determine now whether the Movement of Europe is about to stir again or no. For our own part, we think it is a mere neap tide this time, not a spring one. Europe is incapable of sustaining the agitation oftener than once in twenty years or so. Not that we by any means regret this as an abstract fact, or take any pleasure in destruction; but it is becoming clear that some, at least, of existing organisations can only be purified through fire. In Spain, for instance, the mixture of licentiousness, tyranny, and bigotry, which make up the life of the Court, is more shameful than can easily be paralleled in history. Isabella seems to divide her sympathies between the Pope and her paramours,—

"A very heathen in the carnal part,
But still a sad, good Christian in her heart,"

as a great English satirist said indays when you did not require to spare great sinners for fear of government by the rabble! How can all this end? What end can an honest man hope for it? Must not mere destruction do its work, till Pro-

vidence vouchsafes us the new ruling men who are to represent the once noble governors of Europe?

Spain, however, has arrived at that stage when, as Junius says, "the worst examples cease to be contagious." She is not so dangerous to the world as some other tyrannies. We fear nothing from her arms, and she decomposes in solitude, like a buried carcass. The faults of Austria, while less black, are more to be dreaded in their



VALERIO'S SKETCHES IN THE DANUBIAN PROVINCES—SERBIAN MUSICIANS.

his jaw; and just so prudent men do not care to displace him violently, at the risk of a general disturbance. Knowing this—confident of Austria—the tyrant has defied the Western Powers with wonderful consistency. Nor do we see—if those Powers are to do no more than they have yet done—why he should not stand till the end. The Powers inspire more contempt by the caution they show, than they do fear by the steps they take.

effects on the world. She retains her grasp on the Principalities—menaces Sardinia—courtesies—encourages priesthood—and governs everywhere (as Napoleon said) "by the stick." She differs from Russia by being an *unhealthy* despotism—a despotism that employs hypocrisy and fraud. With this Power, we are now told, England is entering into relations of peculiar friendliness; but the world has changed since David Home pronounced the House of Austria "our natural ally," and Austria commands little sympathy from the general mind of England.

Altogether political prospects abroad are anything but good. As the commercial crisis abates, the political one thickens. From Naples we may expect either horrors which we cannot alleviate, or a simple nullity, and so a humiliation, which we shall have spontaneously provoked. The fact is, that the revolutionary elements are not fit as yet for destroying the despots; and though the despots might be influenced by a mixture of English advice and English action, that process would require such a kind of "foreign policy" on our part, as we are very far indeed from expecting to see. Hence our dislike and distrust of superficial dabbling in the dangers of intervention.

THE SERVIAN MINSTRELS.

At a time when diplomats of European reputation are dealing with the question of the Principalities, and when public attention is attracted to the banks of the Danube, our readers can hardly help feeling some curiosity about so interesting a people as those who inhabit Servia. Even in a military point of view the Servians are the reverse of contemptible. Their regular military force does not amount to more than 2,000, but every male capable of bearing arms is enrolled in the militia, and they have thus the power, in case of emergency, of collecting no fewer than 40,000 fighting men.

It is now about eleven centuries since the Servians, who belong to the wide-spread Slavonian stock, with which a great part of Eastern Europe is peopled, migrated from the Carpathian mountains to the Danube; but it was not till the twelfth century that the petty states which they formed were united into a single feudal monarchy similar to those which, in the middle ages, existed all over Europe. This continued until 1389, when the Servians yielded to the conquering arms of the Turks. Centuries of submission followed, till a revolt was headed by Czerny-George, a native chief, who, in 1806, took Belgrade, and governed the province till the Peace of 1814. At that period Servia again submitted to the Porte; but next year a new revolt, under Milosch Obrenowitsch, was successful; and he, after ruling Servia till 1839, owing, as is supposed, to the influence of Russia, was obliged to resign in favour of his son Michael.

Being an agricultural country, not boasting of any seaport, and having no commercial class of its own, Servia's population consists principally of peasantry. Attired in coarse frieze jackets and boots, the Servians strike strangers as a remarkably tall and vigorous race of men, their forms indicating thorough physical strength, and their countenances much intellectual energy.

The women are considered particularly attractive, having fine complexions, dark, glossy hair, and figures decidedly handsome. Their beauty, which they preserve for a considerable time, is set off by a peculiar head-dress. This consists of a Greek fez, from which is suspended a gold tassel, that contrasts with the black hair laid smoothly down the temple, and is well calculated to heighten the charms of the fair wearer.

One ancient custom in which the gentler sex take part is worthy of mention. When a long drought has occurred, a young woman—of course one who is handsome—is so dressed up in grass, cabbage leaves, and flowers, that her face is all but invisible. Thus attired, and accompanied by several damsels of her own age, she goes from house to house, singing a song, of which a prayer for rain forms the burden. The mistress of the house throws a little water over her; and this superstitious ceremony, known as the "Dodola," inspires the natives with the hope of refreshing showers. Like the Russians a few generations back, the Servians even at this date, are sufficiently ungallant to consider the women as somewhat inferior beings, only to be made use of as playthings in youth, and as nurses in old age; but much more enlightened views have been adopted in Belgrade, and will doubtless spread, ere long, all over Servia.

In some respects the character of the Servian is thought to resemble that of the Scottish Highlander. Even the outlaws, who, at the beginning of this century, infested the forests that spread over the country, were so many Rob Rys in their way—rebels as well as robbers; and under the impression that in plundering rich Moslems, while displaying generosity to the poor, they were really doing nothing unjustifiable. Moreover, the Servians are, like the Highlanders, brave in battle, hospitable to strangers, and fond of plaintive music; their favourite instrument being a "goosely," a kind of testudo-formed viol. The voices of the minstrels, and the tone of their instruments, are soft and melodious; but so plaintive as to be almost painful to the listener. Some of these Servian minstrels figure in the illustration that appears on the previous page.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

THE article of the "Moniteur," on the Neapolitan question, a translation of which will be found in another column, has at any rate so far settled the doubt which began to float over the Emperor's ideas on this matter. On another question, too, the Imperial mind seems to be made up. The "Austrian Gazette" confirms the statement that the French Government has sent to that of Austria a note, demanding in peremptory terms the withdrawal of its troops from the Danubian Principalities.

The "Constitutionnel" has an article on the Bolgrad difficulty. It intimates that the French Government considers the affair as of little importance in itself—the Danube can be freed from Russian influence whether she has Bolgrad or not—but that inasmuch as the dispute gives Austria an excuse for prolonging the occupation of the Principalities, the affair is much to be regretted, and can only be solved at the renewed Paris Conferences.

France has given notice to the German Courts of her intention of establishing fortified works between Strasbourg and Kehl, in order to counterbalance the importance of the fortified bridge which it is intended to construct over the Rhine, at Cologne.

The Free-trade tendencies of the French Emperor are shown in a brief notification published by the "Moniteur." The official journal states that the result of the inquiry into the state of French commerce, with the view of testing how far it would be prudent to remove all prohibitory duties, has decided the Emperor to postpone the abolition of those duties until the 1st of July, 1861. A measure in conformity with this determination has been promptly presented to the Council of State. French industry, apprized of the decided intentions of the Government, will have all the time necessary to prepare for a new commercial régime.

The Emperor and Empress are at Compiegne.

SPAIN.

THE sequestration on the property of Queen Christina is revoked by Royal decree. The "Gazette" also publishes a decree, granting an extended amnesty for all condemnations incurred in consequence of the events of July last.

In announcing the acceptance of O'Donnell's resignation, the Queen says she is "entirely satisfied with his distinguished and extraordinary services, his zeal, intelligence, and devotion." It is announced, as might have been expected, that the Marshal has occasion to make a "short visit to a foreign country." General Dulce has been allowed to go to Santander "for the benefit of his health."

The Duchess of Montpensier, at ten minutes past nine in the evening of the 8th, gave birth to a robust male child.

PRUSSIA.

THE King of Prussia, it is said, is about to ask the Emperor of Morocco to cede to Prussia the territory occupied by the Riff pirates, for the establishment of the long-contemplated Prussian penal colony, which would also have the beneficial effect of preventing, for the future, any further insults to foreign flags by these gentlemen on the coast of Africa.

RUSSIA.

"LE NORD" explains the origin of the recently-circulated reports of a Russian squadron which was to be sent into the Mediterranean. A few vessels only are to leave Cronstadt and take up separate stations in that sea, as was the case before the Eastern war. The vessels will be at the disposal of the diplomatic agents of Russia at Naples, Athens, and Constantinople. A single frigate will also be placed at the service of the Empress Dowager during her sojourn at Nice.

Ismael Pacha, commander of the army of Anatolia, taken prisoner at Kars, has received as special mark of the Emperor's good will the Order of the White Eagle. This is the first distinction which a Turk has received since the re-establishment of peace.

By an Imperial ukase, the Protestant and Roman Catholic chaplains attached to the Russian army are henceforth placed on an equal footing as regards state pay with those of the Greek church.

ITALY.

THE King of Naples must begin to feel himself about as much comforted by the sympathy of his friends as the patriarch Job did when the Temanite, and the Shuhite, and the Naamathite consoled with him. Austria recommends an apology and sham concessions; the Grand Duke of Tuscany beseeches him not to bring ruin on his class by his obstinacy; Cardinal Antonelli exhorts him to resist; the Queen works upon his timidity in order to maintain her influence over his mind; and meanwhile, the Ambassadors of France and England are withdrawn, and a squadron, not certainly of the friendliest kind, hovers on his coast. Even his Russian friend the Czar, if report speaks truly, fails the puissant King. We hear that Russia now echoes the advice of Austria, and urges Ferdinand to give in gracefully, and to trust to the Emperor Napoleon. Very much depends, at this moment, on the way in which he will receive this excellent advice. That he must feel his position rocking under him is clear. He is said to have demanded from the Cabinets of St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin the conclusion, in favour of the integrity of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, of a treaty similar to that which France, England, and Austria signed in favour of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

The works for the defence of Naples are continued with the greatest activity. Two shocks of an earthquake were felt on the 12th inst.

The "Piedmontese Gazette" of the 14th, publishes a declaration, signed by Prince Gortschakoff, to the effect that, in consequence of the peace happily restored between the governments of Russia and Sardinia, all the treaties and conventions existing between the two Powers before the war have again come into force. A similar declaration has been signed by Count Broglie, of Caselborgone, the Sardinian Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and delivered to the Russian Government.

A letter of the 7th from Forli, in the Papal States, states that on the 5th instant (Sunday) a conflict of a somewhat serious nature took place between some of the citizens and the gendarmerie, at a place called Meloda, about ten miles distant from that city. It appears that two young men, one of whom was smoking a pipe, were going by the barracks of the gendarmerie. These ordered him to discontinue smoking, but he persisted. Some of the gendarmes ran out and followed the young man to a neighbouring café, where they fell upon him with repeated blows. His comrade protested, but the gendarmes responded to this with insults and blows. The young man partook, in fact, the fate of his companion, and they were arrested together. The populace, greatly irritated, made an attack on the gendarmes. A conflict took place, one of the gendarmes was killed, and the rest of the soldiers were disarmed.

The Roman ecclesiastics have thought it best to postpone indefinitely the subject of forming diplomatic relations with Turkey, fearing that the Church might be "mixed up in the conflict of the various interests which will be in existence at Constantinople."

A letter from Modena states that all the Modenese subjects who, having served in the Anglo-Italian Legion, were imprudent enough to return home, have been condemned to a year's imprisonment, at the expiration of which they are to be exiled.

SWITZERLAND.

SEVERAL foreign journals connected with the Royalist conspiracy in Neufchâtel having spread false reports regarding the treatment of the political prisoners, M. Amiet, the procureur-general of the Confederation, and M. Duplan Veillon, the judge of instruction, have published a report, showing, on the testimony of the prisoners themselves, that they have every comfort that could possibly be expected. Among the prisoners is Mr. Boscowen Ibbetson, an Englishman.

A Paris correspondent of "Le Nord" writes that Switzerland has formally refused the advice given her by France and Austria to set at liberty the Royalist prisoners in Neufchâtel. At Paris, says the same correspondent, it is believed that the King of Prussia, who has obtained of Württemberg and Baden liberty to march troops across those territories, will advance them to the frontiers of Neufchâtel, and in concert with other German states, establish a customs blockade.

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

ACCOUNTS from Constantinople of the 13th, brought by the *Sinai*, state that the difficulties relative to the town of Bolgrad and the Isle of Serpents have become more aggravated. Admiral Lyons sent the *Gladiator* to Malta to demand fresh vessels. The *Majestic* had arrived, and other vessels were expected.

The Turkish Government wants to make a loan of 25,000,000.

The expedition against Montenegro is abandoned.

The negotiations opened for the nomination of Redschid Pacha to the place of Grand Vizier had failed.

According to accounts from Scutari, there was a sanguinary combat on the 28th of September between some of the tribe of the Kutchis and the Montenegrins. This tribe is divided into two factions, one holding to the side of the Turks and the other to Montenegro. Prince Danilo was desirous of enforcing the submission to him of the Turkish party, and the combat arose out of the measures he adopted in order to accomplish his purpose. In the combat ten were killed.

PERSIA.

LETTERS from Bagdad of the 21st September announce that Mr. Murray was preparing to set out for Bombay.

The Persian Government will, it is said, address France with a view of inducing that Power to prevent the contemplated English expedition from taking place. The Shah's Envoy is on their way to Paris.

AMERICA.

THE public mind in the United States is absorbed in the approaching Presidential elections. The Fremont party seem to be in the ascendant.

The Cabinet of Washington has, we learn, announced its determination to claim from Hanover a free passage of the Elbe for all merchandise or territorial produce of the United States.

Mr. Preston S. Brooks received a great ovation from his constituents on the 3rd inst. The people turned out in vast numbers, and strong division speeches were made by Brooks, Butler, and others. Two goblets, one gold and one silver, and two canes, were presented to the hero of the day. Mr. Sumner, over whose head he broke his old cane, was still at Philadelphia under medical treatment, and forbidden to take part in political discussions.

Yellow fever was still prevalent at Charleston.

Accounts from Kansas represent that territory as tranquil.

The position of General Walker at Nicaragua seems to be improved, and his Government was looked on as established. It was said that Rivas was repudiated by all parties. An opposition of rather a determined nature, however, existed amongst some of the inhabitants, which had caused disturbances near San Jacinta. Cholera was making sad havoc at Costa Rica, and it was reported that the army had positively refused to again invade Nicaragua.

THE LATE VICTORY OF THE CIRCASSIANS.

The following is the narrative given by the "Journal de Constantinople" of the victory of the Circassians, a brief account of which reached us a few days ago by telegraph:

"Soujuk-Kaleh, Sept. 24.

"The Russians having passed the Laba for the purpose of constructing fortifications in Abzech, Sefer Pacha immediately despatched an interpreter to the Russian commander, in order to know the object of the expedition. The Russian commander replied, 'By the Treaty of Paris the Laba is conceded to Russia, and I have come to take possession of it.' Sefer Pacha sent a second messenger to the Russian commander to inform him that Circassia was an independent country; that no one could seize it without the consent of its inhabitants; and that if the Russians did not retire forthwith, the Circassians would take prompt measures to expel them.

"The next day Sefer Pacha advanced with 30,000 men against the Russians, who had taken up a position on the slopes of a ravine with sixteen cannon. The combat lasted three hours and a half; the Circassians remained masters of the field, made 800 prisoners, and took all the guns. Another affair took place twenty days ago in the Telap-Son, after the passage of the Kouban by the Russians, who were obliged to retire with a heavy loss of men, leaving five guns behind.

"The Russian troops were composed of recruits, and did not stand their ground. The prisoners taken by the Circassians are no longer reduced to slavery. They are admitted into the ranks, or are at liberty to establish themselves upon the land, under the administration of a Nao.

"The Circassian deputation which was sent to Constantinople has not returned, but it is thought certain that the Porte and the Western Powers will not proffer their support."

RUSSIAN "DIPLOMACY."—Full and authentic details have been published on the grand Russian scheme for evading the Treaty of Paris and maintaining a steam fleet in the Black Sea. The scheme consists in establishing a company to be called "Russian Steam-boat and Trading Company." This Company is to be maintained by high bounties paid by the Imperial Treasury. There will be eleven lines of steamers; eight starting from Odessa. The greater part will sail in the Black Sea, in the Sea of Azoff, up the great Russian rivers, and up the Danube; three lines will run to Alexandria, Trieste, and Marseilles. It is calculated that 300 steamers will be thus employed. All the land, wharves, space, and warehouses, required by the Company in Russia, are to be held rent-free. The Government, besides paying a high mileage bounty, will pay 61,000 rubles annually for repairs. The capital of the Company is £1,000,000. The Government subscribes one-third, and abstains from taking dividends for ten years. No foreigner can hold shares in the company. The Government nominates two out of six directors. The founders of the Company are two Government officials.

SCANDAL FROM THE BOSPHORUS.—A letter from Constantinople of the 12th in the "Gazette du Midi," says:—"Nothing has been talked of for some days past here, but the death of the favourite Sultan, who was accused of a treacherous familiarity with a young Armenian who came to a tragic end. Very mysterious reports are in circulation on the subject of the death of the Sultan, who was pregnant at the time of her decease."

NAPOLEON'S GODCHILDREN.—The French Minister of State has directed certificates to be distributed to all the families having children born on the 16th of March last, and therefore godchildren of their Majesties. Assistance has been granted by the Civil List to the poorest among them, which is to be maintained annually; and in case the parents should die, the orphans are to be provided for at the charge of the Civil List. The certificates above mentioned are parchment, and bear the seal of the Minister of State.

SUSPENSION OF THE WORKS AT THE LOUVRE.—The works of the Louvre are to be suspended. The exterior walls are to be completed, but the interior, with the marvellous richness of its proposed decoration, will be left to be carried out under more favourable auspices. This cessation from the wild investment of stone and cement which has been going on in every part of France during the last three or four years, is significant.

THE CHURCHES IN BELGIUM.—A conflict is going on in Belgium, between the Bishops and the Universities. After the separation of Belgium from Holland, a system of education freed from clerical interference was established in Brussels. This has been eminently successful; it has been copied in other places, and, seeing the sacerdotal influence decline, the ecclesiastics recently appealed to the Belgian Government against something which the Professors had done tantamount to a teaching of Protestantism. The Government issued a cautionary notice to the Professors, without much effect; and now the Bishops denounce the doctrines of the Professors, and appeal from a passive Government and an aggressive Protestantism to the parents of Belgian youth. The appeal is a confession of weakness, which is not likely to increase the influence of the Churchmen.

MUTINY, THY NAME IS LEGION!—As the transport-ship *Tudor* was on her passage from Malta to England with the men of the Italian Legion, a lieutenant named Anglers attempted to get up a mutiny. He addressed them with his sword drawn, and endeavoured to persuade them that they were being taken to America. By the courage and management of the English officer, Anglers was captured and placed in confinement, guns were mounted on the poop, and orders served out to the crew. The officer then expostulated with the men, and the affair was over. Anglers' plan was to make the English officers prisoners, and if they resisted, throw them overboard; to kill those Italian officers who would not join him, and then make the captain take them to Paundera, where they would release the political prisoners, and raise the standard of liberty in Italy.

THE CHOLERA AT MADEIRA.—We are requested to state that the Board of Health at Funchal have officially certified the entire cessation of the terrible epidemic which has recently ravaged the island of Madeira. It is desirable that this fact should be publicly known, as at this season of the year many British subjects are in the habit of repairing to Madeira for the benefit of their health.

THE INJURIOUS GODS!—A letter from the Cape of Good Hope says that a witch doctor has perverted the minds of many natives by a prophecy that very shortly two suns will appear, that a desperate collision will take place between them, after which a period of profound darkness will ensue. All people, white or black, who wear trousers, will then be swept off the face of the land by a whirlwind.

THE BATTLE OF THE RAMBOIDS.—During the late military manoeuvres held at Copenhagen in honour of the Crown Prince of Sweden, several severe actions occurred, as the Danish and German soldiers fired at each other with the ramrods. It so happened that one of these cases was brought under the notice of the King, who commanded in person the Danish division, whilst the opposite party, consisting of Germans (Holsteiners and Lauenburgers), were under the orders of Prince Christian. The King immediately sent off an order to Prince Christian, with instructions to make a strict investigation, and inflict exemplary punishment on the culprit. The Prince held a council of war with his officers when it appeared in evidence that no less than five Danish ramrods had been fired at his men. The Prince then sent his aide-de-camp, Captain Lindholm, over to the King to require an investigation of this wanton outrage, the more so as several of the Germans had been shot with stones, besides the five ramrods picked up. Some of the soldiers have died of their wounds. The circumstances have made a painful sensation here, and is another proof of the bitter feelings and hatred existing between the Danish and German nationalities.

A SOUTHERN THREAT.—In the New York "Journal of Commerce" of Sept. 25th, there is an address from a Southern merchant, signing himself "A North Carolinian," to the merchants of the North, asking them what they are about when they allow the election of Fremont to be talked of as feasible, and whether they are aware of what the citizens of the Slave States really intend to do in case of such a catastrophe. He asks his Northern correspondent whether, if they mean to let Fremont be elected, they imagine that the Union will be preserved. He asks whether anybody really expects that fifteen independent sovereigns will submit to be "dragged and insulted" (the Southern phrase for out-voted) by nearly the whole North. He says that few foreign nations ever hated one another so intensely as one section of the Union now hates the other, and he takes the liberty of telling those whom he is addressing that they are mainly answerable for this fierce hatred entertained by the South. He assures them that the notion of disunion is becoming popular in the South; he implores them to read the speeches of Keitt and Brooks about marching on Washington, and begs his correspondents to be assured that this is no claptrap. It will be worse for them if they neglect the seriousness of the indication. Complaining of the small effect which this prospect seems to have in alarming New York, he goes on to say how the seceding States will achieve the feat. That will be by South Carolina voting herself out, and throwing open her ports to the whole world. Georgia follows. The question of compulsion comes up. "Sixteen States must vote affirmatively before action," he says; and he does not believe that twelve would vote in favour of "coercion." The writer concludes by reminding the merchants that their exports amounted last year to upwards of 160,000,000 of dollars, and asking what will become of them if this commerce "crumbles into mist."

THE BRITISH SQUADRON AT NICARAGUA.—The following English men-of-war were in the harbour of San Juan, Nicaragua, on the 22nd ult.:—Her Majesty's steam ships Orion, 91; Imperieuse, 51; Cossack, 20; Archer, 13; and the gun-boats Irupé, 6; and Victor, 6; and the following were daily expected: Arrogant, 41; Tottar, 20; and Pioneer, gun-boat, 6; making a total, when associated, 9 vessels and 900 men.

OBITUARY.

PERCY, VICE-ADMIRAL.—On the 19th inst., at his seat near Beckmansworth, Herts, the Hon. Joceline Percy, C.B.—The gallant deceased—the second surviving son of the first Earl of Beverley—was born in January, 1781, and was twin brother to Dr. Percy, the late Bishop of Carlisle. He married in 1820, Sophia, sister of Lord Hartington. The Admiral entered the Navy in February, 1797, as midshipman on board the Sanspareil, and afterwards removed, as midshipman, to the Amphion. He afterwards joined, off Toulon, the Victory, flagship of Lord Nelson. In October the same year he was nominated acting lieutenant to the Venus, and subsequently assisted in the blockade of the reduction of the Cape of Good Hope. In 1808, he was appointed to the command of the Espero brig, but from circumstances beyond his control, never took the command, and again joined the Diadem as a volunteer. On having his post rank confirmed by the Admiralty, he afterwards commanded the Conus, La Nymphé, and the Hotspur, successively—the latter for five years. He held the chief command at the Cape of Good Hope up to the spring of 1816, and was for some years captain-superintendent of Sheerness dockyard.

WALTON, COUNT.—Recently, at Toulouse, died Richard, second son of the late Peter, Count D'Alton, of Greenanston, County of Tipperary, by the Hon. Isabella Barnwell, only daughter of Nicholas, fourteenth Lord Trimleston, and only brother of Edward, present Count D'Alton, who is a deputy-lieutenant for the county of Tipperary. The family of D'Alton derives its descent from Sir Walter D'Alton, a Norman knight who accompanied Strongbow in the invasion of Ireland under Henry II., and obtained for his services large grants of land in the province of Munster. The dignity of a count of the Germanic or holy Roman Empire was conferred by Maria Theresa, empress of Germany, on General Richard D'Alton, who was commander-in-chief in the Low Countries under Joseph II., and who was succeeded by his cousin the grandfather of the gentleman recently deceased Edward, a general in the Imperial service, to whom King George III., in 1785, granted his Royal licence to bear his foreign title in England, and who fell at the siege of Dunkirk in 1793, while commanding the Imperial troops under his Royal Highness the late Duke of York.

ATKINSON, SIR J.—On October 6th, at Tunbridge Wells, aged 66, died Sir Joseph Atkinson, Knight, of 24, Portman Square, late Provost of the Mint, and brother of Sir Henry Esch Atkinson, Superintendent of Convicts in Tasmania. The deceased gentleman was the second son of the late H. W. Atkinson, Esq., of the Mint, whom he succeeded in his office at an early age. He was attached to the Mint for upwards of forty years, and had earned upon a pension of £1,000 a year. He married in 1819 a sister of Sir Robert Gylly, by whom he has left an only daughter, who is married. He received the honour of knighthood for his public services in 1812. His family was originally seated in Yorkshire, and an ancestor held a commission in the Royalists under Charles I. His descendant, Jasper Atkinson, a London Merchant, about forty years ago married a grand-daughter of Henry Van Esch, of the Royal Mint, who had come over to England as Secretary to King William III., and was appointed by Prince to a place in that public office; so that the Atkinson family has been connected with the Mint for upwards of a century.

OSBORNE, LADY.—On October 10th, at Newton Aner, County Tipperary, and Catharine, widow of the late Sir Thomas Osborne, Bart., of Newton, in that county, who died in 1783. Her Ladyship, who was a daughter of W. Smith, Esq., of Smithington, had by her husband an only son, William, who succeeded his father, but died during his minority, when the title reverted to the grandfather of the present bearer of the title. She had also an only daughter, Catherine Isabella, who married, in 1844, Captain Ralph Bernal, M.P., for Midsex and present Secretary to the Admiralty. He assumed in consequence the additional surname of Osborne, and now succeeds to the Newton Aner estates.

NORTH AUSTRALIAN EXPEDITION.—Information has just reached this country from the North Australian Expedition, which it will be remembered, having been organised by the Royal Geographical Society, was undertaken by the Colonist Office. The expedition, under Mr. Surveyor Gregory, started from Sydney on October 2d, and thence to the mouth of Stoke's Victoria river. On landing the party were so unfortunate as to lose fourteen horses and 150 sheep. Nothing daunted, however, a camp was established on the Victoria river, and in the beginning of January Mr. Gregory left with a party of nine officers and men to ascend the river, and ultimately arrived at its sources on Sandstone Ranges, situated above the level of the sea. These ranges run east and west, so that the opposite fall of water is consequently to the south. Crossing this water-parting, Mr. Gregry struck on a creek, that led him 300 miles further, west of such latitude 20 deg. 15 min. south, and longitude 127 deg. 45 min., where he discovered a salt lake in a sandy desert, so correctly prognosticated by our first Australian explorer, Captain Sturt. From this point the party retraced their steps in safety, and Mr. Gregory was preparing for a second start from his depot across the country to the east, as far as the Albert river, where he expects to find more fertile land. The details of the expedition and the numerous observations made by the scientific gentlemen attached to it may be shortly expected.

THE ASTRONOMICAL EXPEDITION TO TENERIFFE.—Mr. C. Peagge, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, writes to the Admiralty:—Yacht *Titania*, off Southampton, Oct. 14.—I have the honour to inform your Lordships of my return from Teneriffe, after accomplishing the astronomical expedition to that place in accordance with the sanction and the several lists of suggestions which you were pleased to send me in April, May, and June last. A large mass of remarkable observations has been thereby procured, and the whole has been arranged without accident or trouble of any material character.

SIR JOHN W. RAMSDEN will retire from the representation of Taunton, and become the Member for Huddersfield, nearly the whole of which town belongs to the Hon. Baronet.

IRELAND.

THE CRIMEAN BANQUET.—The great banquet at Dublin to the Crimean army took place on Wednesday. We reserve a detailed description of the proceedings till next week, when we shall illustrate the scene.

AWFULLY SUDDEN DEATH.—Mr. Thomas E. Davenport, J.P., Ballinacourty, attended a meeting in the Court-house of Newcastle West, Limerick, on Thursday week, for the purpose of promoting a branch of the Foyne's Railway from Killaloe to Newcastle, when, rising with a map in his hand to propose the first resolution, he had spoken but two sentences when he suddenly fell dead on the bench. Medical assistance was at hand, but of no avail.

WHIFFOME RULES FOR DRUGGISTS.—The King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland have added to their pharmacopœia some rules for the purpose of preventing accidental poisoning. The chief are:—1. That angular bottles or vessels, and none other, be employed in the dispensing of all medicines intended for external use. 2. That round bottles or vessels, and none other, be employed in the dispensing of all medicines intended for internal use. Other rules relate to the shape of bottles kept in shops and warehouses; and we are glad to learn that many of the Dublin druggists have already adopted them, though at considerable trouble and expense.

SCOTLAND.

DR. RAE, THE ARCTIC TRAVELLER.—At the Lochaber Agricultural Society's dinner, an incident occurred which formed a very interesting finale to the day's proceedings. A gentleman, apparently a tourist, arrived at the hotel just as the party were to sit down to dinner; he asked, and was immediately granted, permission to join. Throughout the evening he made himself particularly agreeable, and his health was proposed as "The Strange;" and very cordially drunk. On rising to return thanks, he said, "In the course of my life I have had some rough days and many pleasant ones. I have lived ten months in a house without once warming myself at a fire; I have had my nose cut off in a leg with a hatchet; I have had to kill my own food with my own hands, and I have been reduced to the necessity of living on bones; but all these things are easily forgotten when I meet such a pleasant party as is now around me. As I am an entire stranger to you all, and as I have received so much kindness from you, it is but fair that you should know who I am: my name is Rae, and you may have heard it associated with the Franklin Expedition." At this announcement the party started to their feet, and gave Dr. Rae a most enthusiastic reception. The cheering lasted several minutes, after which Dr. Rae showed some of the articles which had indicated the probable fate of Sir John Franklin and his party. These consisted of a piece of gold and two silver watches, a small anchor, several coins, a spoon, with crest engraved on it, &c. Dr. Rae has been on a visit at Glenquoich, and was on his way to Castle Menzies.

THE PRESS IN BONDS.—In the "Dumbarton Herald" of the 16th inst., a blank column is surmounted by the following paragraph:—"In consequence of the Sheriff-substitute of this county considering that the publication of the evidence in the libel case referred to elsewhere, might interfere 'with the due administration of justice,' we regret being under the necessity of sending our paper to press without the report, the greater part of which was in type when it was served with the interdict against its appearance in our columns. We beg the rote of his Lordship, and feel satisfied our readers will approve of our conduct in this affair." The case was a libel case against the paper, and was being tried before the Sheriff-substitute, who forbade the publication, further comments upon it.

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.—A little girl in the neighbourhood of Ross was accidentally shot by her own father, on Saturday, under most afflicting circumstances. Dr. Parsons, a relieving officer of the Ross Union, is also a gunsmith, and was repairing a gun in which a ramrod had been broken, when from some unaccounted cause the piece exploded, and the broken portion of the ramrod remaining in the barrel was driven entirely through the abdomen of his daughter, a girl of five years old, who was looking on, and was near inflicting serious injury to other members of the family. The child was dead instantaneously.

THE PROVINCES.

AUDACIOUS BURGLARY.—A daring gang of burglars have ransacked a house belonging to Mr. Harrison, at Brownhills Colliery, near Walsall. They were armed and masked. In the house were a clerk, an old house-keeper, and her daughter. The burglars did not attempt any nice and skilful operations to get admittance—they boldly battered down a door. The women they tied in their beds. The clerk they compelled to point out the money-safe; and then they bound him, a ruffian with a double-barrelled gun standing guard over him. Failing to force open the safe by means of gunpowder, they broke it asunder with a sledge-hammer. After collecting their plunder, the robbers regaled themselves with the contents of the larder and cellar; and then they drove off in a cart. Mr. Harrison has offered a reward of £100 for the apprehension of the burglars.

DISCHARGED PRISONERS' AID SOCIETY.—A successful meeting was held at Birmingham on Friday week, to support the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, an association intended to give a friendly hand to prisoners on leaving jail, and thus to keep them out of the reach of the tempters who await them at the prison-gates. Lord Calthorpe presided; Mr. M. D. Hill, Sir John Pakington, Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Stuart Wortley, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Mr. Adderley, addressed the meeting.

CIVIC FEAST AT BIRMINGHAM.—A "corporation banquet" on an unusually grand scale was given on Thursday by the Mayor of Birmingham (Mr. Hodges), in the New Music Hall, which was handsomely fitted up. The High Sheriff of the county, the Recorder of the borough, and three Members of Parliament—Mr. Spooner, Mr. Muntz, and Mr. Scholfield—were present.

AGRICULTURAL MEETINGS.—The annual meeting of the Waltham Agricultural Society, held last week, at Waltham, was remarkable for the absence of the Duke of Rutland and the Marquis of Granby—the usual occupants of the chair at the annual dinner. The cause of this absence is that the Duke is very ill, and that the Marquis, therefore, cannot leave Beauvoir. In their absence, Mr. Norton of Eaton took the chair. The famous Mr. Chawner was the chief speaker; and one or two sentences of his address are worth preserving, as marking the change in agricultural opinion since 1817. "The show that day had been extremely good, both in quantity and quality; but in one particular he thought the principles of the Society were little too contracted. He observed that by one of their rules all animals shown were required to be bred in the district. That was something like introducing a principle of restricted competition, which he should be glad to see done away with. As he said before, prices were now remunerative, and he hoped they would continue so. He hoped, from the bottom of his heart, that the manufacturers, who are the best customers of the farmer, would continue to enjoy the prosperity which they are now blessed with."

—The meeting of the Bridgenorth Agricultural Association was held last week at Bridgenorth. It was attended by many of the county notables, and after dinner there was the average quota of speechmaking.—Mr. C. W. Packe, M.P., spoke on agricultural statistics on Friday week at the anniversary of the Loughborough Agricultural Association. He said—"It was a matter, in his humble judgment, of serious importance to those who are engaged in agriculture, fraught with the menace of interference in their particular and private concerns. Had they any private information of the merchant's affairs and concerns? It had been said that government ought to compel the statistics in order to ascertain how much corn was grown in the country, so as not to be dependent on foreigners, and urged that the land of this country could produce enough for the population. But they all knew that the produce of corn depended upon the price obtained for it in the previous year. If they could not, in fact, get a remunerative price for their corn, they would turn their farms to the production of some other crop." In the course of the evening, Mr. W. Perry Herkirk of Beaumont, a rich and influential Leicestershire gentleman, rose and disputed Mr. Packe's conclusions, assigning two reasons, more especially, why the statistics would be found beneficial to the farmers, namely, in checking undue and ruinous importations from abroad, and enabling them to know what to grow. Some further discussion thereupon ensued, and the meeting only dispersed at an advanced hour of the evening.

FATAL RESULT OF PRACTICAL JOKING.—Thomas Hitchcan, aged 13, the son of a mechanic at Pendleton, was employed at the mill of Sir Elkanah Armitage and Sons, Pendleton, and on Friday week was playing with three companions at a cloth-press, and one of them asked the boy to lay his head within the press. He did so, and one of the lads then turned the screw till arrested by a stroke from Hitchcan. They released him in great alarm, and found blood flowing from his ears. The unfortunate boy only survived until the following evening.

SHOCKING SUICIDE AT MANCHESTER.—Much pain has been caused in a wide circle at Manchester by the death of Mr. William Henry Hodgson, a young gentleman only twenty-three years of age, who destroyed himself on Saturday evening, by discharging the contents of a pistol into his forehead. Mr. Hodgson was one of the younger sons of a deceased magistrate, and is supposed to have been labouring under aberration of mind, caused by disappointment in a love affair. An inquest was held privately, so that the particulars have not transpired. The jury found a verdict, "That the deceased died while labouring under temporary insanity."

ANOTHER PRETTY QUARREL.—The Rev. Reginald Shute, rector of St. Mary Steps, Exeter, and his curate, the Rev. Mr. Wyatt, have been quarrelling: if we may quote the "Exeter Times," the Rev. Gentlemen have proceeded to the extremity of "going about the parish blackguarding each other!" Mr. Shute has cited Mr. Wyatt before the bishop of the diocese, alleging that he had been guilty of an act of drunkenness, and had used improper language towards the rector. The deacon Mr. Wyatt pleaded guilty to the main charge of drunkenness, which took place as far back as July last. The Bishop intimated that he would communicate his judgment in writing in a few days. The rector and curate in question both belong to the Tractarian or High Church party.

A RUNAWAY RAILWAY ENGINE.—People near the railway at Southampton were greatly alarmed on Monday afternoon, at seeing an engine proceeding towards the terminus with great speed, without either driver or stoker. It crossed a densely populated street and three carriage ways, and knocked down the lower portion of a shed. The fragments of the smashed carriages and shed formed a barrier which prevented the engine from getting out to the dock road. Watkins, the Southampton Railway Superintendent, immediately started for the engine dépôt at Northam, about a mile and a half from Southampton, believing that the engine must have run away from thence. This proved to be the case. It appears that the passenger train which left the Waterloo Station at one p.m. for Southampton, arrived at Northam a little before four, and the usual signals of its approach there were hoisted. At Northam are situated the South-Western Company's coke ovens; and an engine with a truck full of coke was there bound for Southampton about four o'clock. It had to cross the passenger down line in a slanting direction to get on the down goods line. The driver of the coke train ought therefore to have stopped until the passenger train had passed, considering that the signal of the approach of the latter was hoisted. He did not, however, and although the driver of the passenger train, seeing the coke train passing his line and a collision inevitable, shut off his steam, he could not avoid the contact. This unfortunately took place, completely smashing the coke wagon and disconnecting it from its engine. The driver of the latter, through fear, jumped off his engine, and omitted to shut off the steam. His engine consequently proceeded to Southampton at full speed without a driver, and caused the damage above-mentioned. The passenger engine was seriously damaged, the driver and stoker were knocked off, and the passengers in the train were violently shaken; fortunately no one was seriously injured. Mr. Watkins soon had the passengers taken on to Southampton, and the line was in a very short time cleared so as to admit the resumption of the ordinary traffic. It was singularly fortunate that no one was killed by the runaway engine on its course from Northam to Southampton, considering the number of persons and vehicles that are continually crossing the line at four different points, and the number of persons that are working about the terminus.

DESTRUCTION OF BREMORE HOUSE, HANTS.—On Sunday morning at one o'clock this noble old mansion—it was built in the reign of Elizabeth—was discovered to be on fire, and such was the rapidity of the conflagration, that by four o'clock the roof fell in, and the whole of the interior, with its valuable furniture, paintings, &c., was destroyed. For some time past workmen have been employed in repairing and building a new wing to the mansion, from which it is believed the fire originated. We are happy to say no life was lost.

THE ROYAL BRITISH BANK.—**BANKRUPTCY CONFIRMED.**—On Wednesday, Commissioner Holroyd gave it as his clear opinion that the Company had committed an act of bankruptcy on the 8th of October, before the appointment of the official manager—the directors having been served with a writ of summons, at the suit of a creditor, and failing either to pay, secure, or compound for the debt to the satisfaction of the creditor, the adjudication must be confirmed.

SENTENCE IN THE DENISON CASE.—On Tuesday, at Bath, sentence was given in the Denison case. After hearing arguments on either side, the Court decided that Archdeacon Denison should be deprived of all emoluments attached to the archdeaconry of Taunton and the vicarage of Brent, and should pay the costs of the proceedings in Ditcher v. Denison.

BIG BEN OF WESTMINSTER.—The Wave was on Tuesday safely delivered of her monster burden at Messrs. Maudslay's wharf, on the south side of Westminster Bridge. The great bell was afterwards conveyed on a low truck, drawn by sixteen horses, over the bridge, and safely deposited in Palace Yard. In the course of the afternoon the bell was lifted from the truck, and swung under the massive frame erected for the purpose at the foot of the Clock Tower. It was then tested once or twice, and, having been pronounced entirely free from crack or flaw of any kind, it was propped up with timber to take the immense strain off the chains by which it is suspended, and so left to repose in silence after its journey for the night. All bells, we believe, are christened before they begin to toll, and on this occasion it is proposed to call our king of bells, "Big Ben," in honour of Sir Benjamin Hall, the President of the Board of Works, during whose reign of office it was cast.

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.—A little girl in the neighbourhood of Ross was acci-

THE NEAPOLITAN QUESTION.

IMPORTANT NOTE IN THE "MONITEUR."

THE following important note appears in the "Moniteur" of Monday last:—

"Peace having been concluded, the first care of the Congress of Paris was to ensure the duration of it. With this object the Plenipotentiaries investigated the elements of disturbance that still existed in Europe, and they especially directed their attention to the condition of Italy, Greece, and Beli-jum.

"The Court of Naples alone has haughtily rejected the advice of France and England, though offered in the most friendly manner. The measures of rigour and coercion adopted for a long time past, as the means of administration, by the Government of the Two Sicilies, agitate Italy and compromise the continuance of order in Europe. Under a conviction of the dangers of such a state of things, France and England had hoped to obviate them by prudent advice given at an opportune time. This advice was misunderstood; and the Government of the Two Sicilies, closing its eyes to all evidence, resolved to persist in its fatal course.

"The ill reception accorded to legitimate observations—an insulting doubt thrown over the purity of our intentions—offensive language opposed to salutary counsels, and finally an obstinate refusal—could not allow the longer continuance of amicable relations.

"This suspension of official intercourse in no sense constitutes any intervention in internal affairs, and still less any act of hostility. Nevertheless, the security of the subjects of the two Governments being possibly compromised, the latter, to provide against such a contingency, have combined their squadrons; but they do not send their ships into the Neapolitan waters, in order not to give room for erroneous interpretations. This simple measure of eventual protection, which has no character of menace, cannot, moreover, be considered as any support or encouragement offered to those who seek to shake the throne of the King of the Two Sicilies."

PRINCE NAPOLEON IN THE NORTH.

WHILE the Emperor of the French was endeavouring to recruit his exhausted energies by change of air and change of scene, Prince Napoleon—happily free from those grave responsibilities which are supposed to weigh so heavily on the mind of his imperial cousin—amused himself with a cruise to the north of Europe. The expedition by which he was accompanied included amongst its members several distinguished scientific men, and it is understood that the results of their observations will be comprised in an elaborate account of the tour, which the Prince contemplates producing with their assistance. This account is to be copiously illustrated by the draughtsmen who accompanied the expedition. In anticipation of it, we are enabled to publish a few sketches connected with the Prince's Northern cruise, which sketches will be found described in the brief notes of the more prominent incidents of the expedition, which we here subjoin.

The expedition, consisting of the imperial yacht, the *Reine Hortense*, and the steam-tender *Cocyle*, left Havre so early as the 16th of June last, and on the 30th of the same month anchored in the Bay of Reykiavik, Iceland, where they found the two screw-steamer *Saxon* and *Tasmania*, which had been engaged to carry coal for the imperial yacht and the *Cocyle*. In the bay was also seen Lord Dufferin's yacht *Foam*, under his Lordship's command, and the Spanish brig *Artu Emon*, bound for Bilbao.

The Prince remained at Reykiavik for a week, during which time he made an excursion to the celebrated Greyser springs, the water of which, at the depth of 72 feet, is about 30 deg. above boiling point. On leaving Reykiavik, the *Reine Hortense* steamed for the isle of Jean Mayen. This island is almost unknown, for it is hardly possible to approach it on account of the icebergs by which it is completely surrounded. It is of considerable interest to scientific men, from having been the scene of the most violent volcanic eruptions. The Prince, who was extremely anxious to visit it, determined, in spite of the difficulties to be encountered, to attempt a landing.

Orders were therefore given to the *Saxon* to get up her steam. The difference in the speed of the two vessels was such that it was desirable she should leave before the *Reine Hortense*, which she was to rejoin off the isle of Jean Mayen, and in case she met with any disaster on her way, and could not reach the island, she was to seek shelter in the Ounudar Fiord near the northern cape of Iceland. She weighed anchor on the 6th of July, at eleven o'clock at night, and the *Reine Hortense* sailed on the following morning at five o'clock, taking in tow the yacht of Lord Dufferin, who had expressed his desire to accompany the Prince.

On the 8th of July, at mid-day, the *Reine Hortense* entered the Polar circle, and to celebrate the event, Prince Napoleon ordered grog to be served out to the crew, who went through the ceremony usually observed on entering the Polar regions. The same day, at six p.m., they found themselves surrounded by a dense mist; the thermometer, which had kept as high as 8 deg. above zero, now suddenly fell down to 3 deg. It was now evident the ice could not be far off. At two a.m., on Wednesday, the 9th of July, the weather having cleared up, a number of blocks of ice were seen together with a shoal of seals: these animals never go further than two miles from the ice. During the whole of Wednesday and Thursday, the *Reine Hortense* was continually surrounded by mists and masses of floating ice. Steaming along the coast, she approached within fifty-four miles of the island of Jean Mayen. On six different occasions the vessel entered the channels formed by the floating icebergs, but on each occasion she was obliged to back out, and it was eventually discovered that the island of Jean Mayen was so surrounded by icebergs and floes of ice that it was utterly impossible to effect a landing.

On the 13th of July, at 5.15 p.m., the *Reine Hortense*, having a day or two previously cast off Lord Dufferin's yacht *Foam*, anchored in Ounudar Fiord, where she was to meet the *Saxon*, but this vessel was nowhere to be seen. On the following day, however, as the *Reine Hortense* was steaming out of the Dyre Fiord, she sighted the *Cocyle* approaching, and learned from her that the *Saxon* having struck an iceberg, had been obliged to run for Reykiavik, where the *Reine Hortense* found her undergoing repairs. It appears that, on the 9th of July, at about 2 a.m., the *Saxon* struck a large iceberg, which stove in her side; the ship made water very fast, and at one time very great fear was entertained that she would founder. The captain, however, fortunately succeeded in stopping the leak.

On the 17th of July, the *Reine Hortense*, the *Cocyle*, and the *Tasmania*, left for Greenland; while the *Saxon* returned to England as soon as her repairs were completed.

On the evening of the 16th of July, the Prince left the Bay of Reykiavik, in the *Reine Hortense*, with the intention of exploring the western coast of Greenland, on which are some of the Danish settlements.

During the first few days no incident occurred; but on the 20th, towards one o'clock, when the weather was exceedingly fine, and the commander of the vessel had just inspected the crew, Prince Napoleon perceived something in the distance which was supposed to be either a boat, bottom upwards or the carcass of a whale. Much interest was manifested; and a boat was lowered, when the object proved to be a large fragment of the stern of a ship, built of Canada wood, and supposed to be the remains of an American whaler which had been wrecked last year in Baffin's Bay.

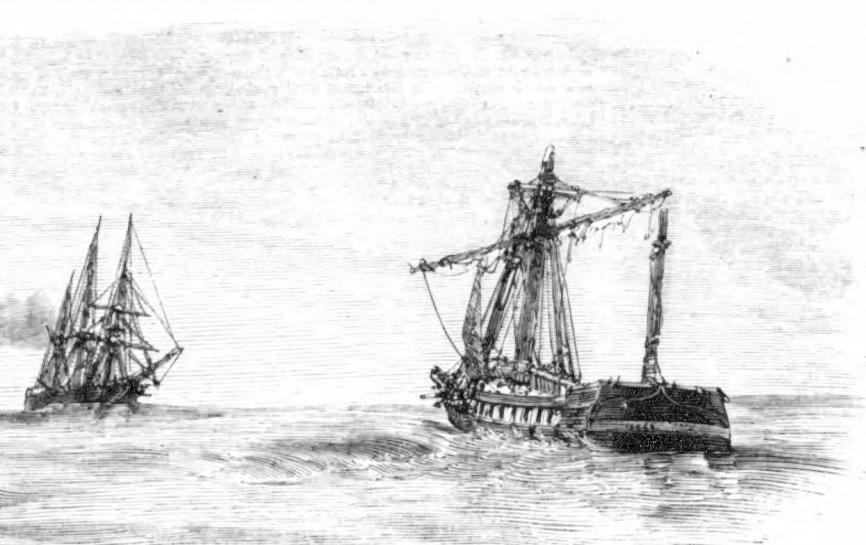
On the same evening, the look-out man descried land on the larboard, and a disabled vessel on the starboard bow. The land was Cape Farewell, on the southern coast of Greenland, Arctic America, the object of the expedition. Having steered towards the vessel to render assistance, and found on approaching that the crew had been compelled to abandon her, Prince Napoleon, accompanied by the commander of the *Reine Hortense*, and several other persons, boarded the vessel to ascertain her condition. She proved to be the barque *James* of Sunderland, and about 400 tons burthen. The deck was broken through in several places, and the vessel seemed completely waterlogged. All the hatches were missing, and the bowsprit and mainmast carried away. Only the lower part of the mizen-mast was standing, while the forecastle had lost all above the top; and from the fore-yard, which retained its position, hung the shreds of the foresail, bleached by the sun.

The anchors were fast to the seabeds, most extensively,

but in other respects uninjured. There were no boats on her deck, so it is more than probable that her crew had taken to them in the hope of reaching land. The vessel was laden with Canada wood, worth at least £8,000; and the cargo, which acted as a raft, kept her afloat.

On the 21st, Prince Napoleon arrived off Cape Farewell, about a mile from the shore, which he kept in sight during the whole day; and now the land of Greenland appeared in all its sublime terror. It is impossible to imagine anything more desolate than this coast. Little is to be seen but dark rocks, here and there whitened with snow of sparkling brightness, and peaks and cones vertically rent; and nothing whatever to denote life or vegetation.

On the 22d, the Prince and the companions of his voyage lost sight of land; but they found sufficient excitement in meeting with numerous icebergs of every form and size, some of them upwards of 150 feet above the sea. According to the calculation that only one-eighth is visible, their total height would be 1,200 feet. It is stated as a remarkable fact, that during the whole of the 22nd, not a single bird was seen, although they were not far from land. At mid-day, they were near Cape Desolation, which was discovered in 1585 by John Davis—a dreary spot, which could not have been more appropriately named.



PRINCE NAPOLEON'S EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH—THE REINE HORTENSE MEETING A SHIP WHICH HAS BEEN ABANDONED BY HER CREW.

After the seal hunt was over, there was a canoe race in the presence of Prince Napoleon, who distributed prizes to the winners.

Having visited the fiord of Pissigssarlik on the 26th, the Prince that evening ordered the *Reine Hortense* to be got under way for Fiskernass,

(record), with a full load of cryolite, received from Greenland, which is the only country where, as yet, it has been found. It is a mineral composed, we believe, of sodium, aluminium, and fluorine. M. de Lille, of Paris, has discovered a process by which



SEAL-FISHING AT KINGTORSSUAK, GREENLAND.

On the morning of the 23rd, the *Reine Hortense* passed in sight of the glacier of Fredericksaab. In the distance were seen mountains of ice and an immense plain of accumulated snow, which had filled up the valleys. Near the glacier the sea was crowded with icebergs and fields of floating ice.

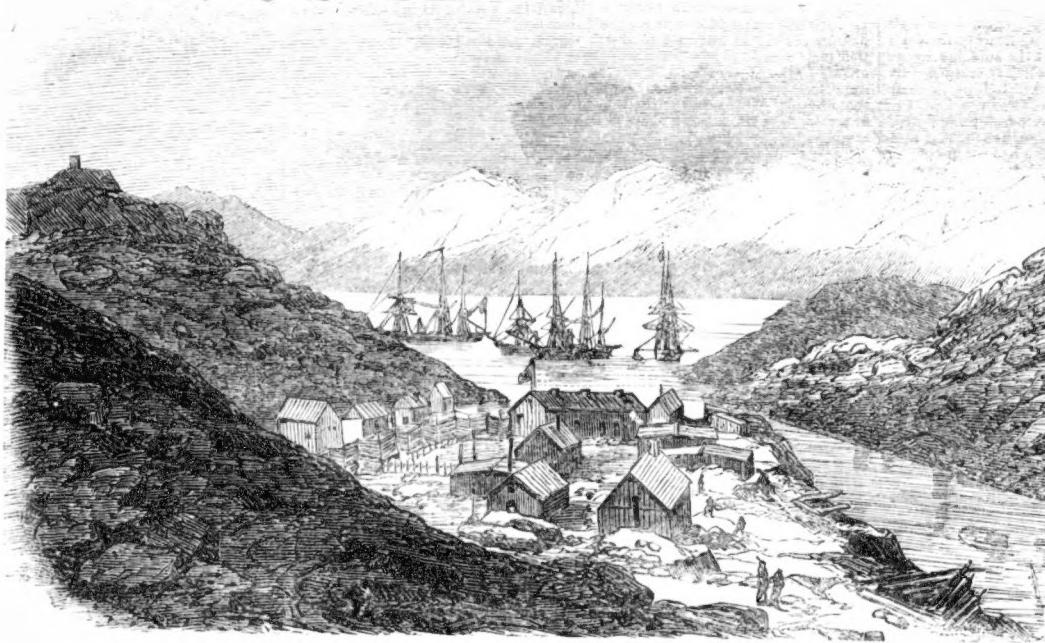
where she arrived on the following afternoon; and, on the 28th, she anchored at Fredericksaab, where she found the advice steamer *Cocyle* and an English steamer, the *Tasmania*. The latter had received orders to sail immediately for Reykjavik; and, on the 29th, the *Reine Hortense* an-

aluminium may be obtained from cryolite, so as to afford it at as low a price per ounce as silver; and, since an ounce of the former has four times the volume of an ounce of the latter, it will of course give articles of plate of the same size so much cheaper, that is, at one-fourth the price. Besides this metal and crystals of soda, a clay is obtainable which will be valuable to calico printers as a substitute for a compound of alum and sugar of lead.

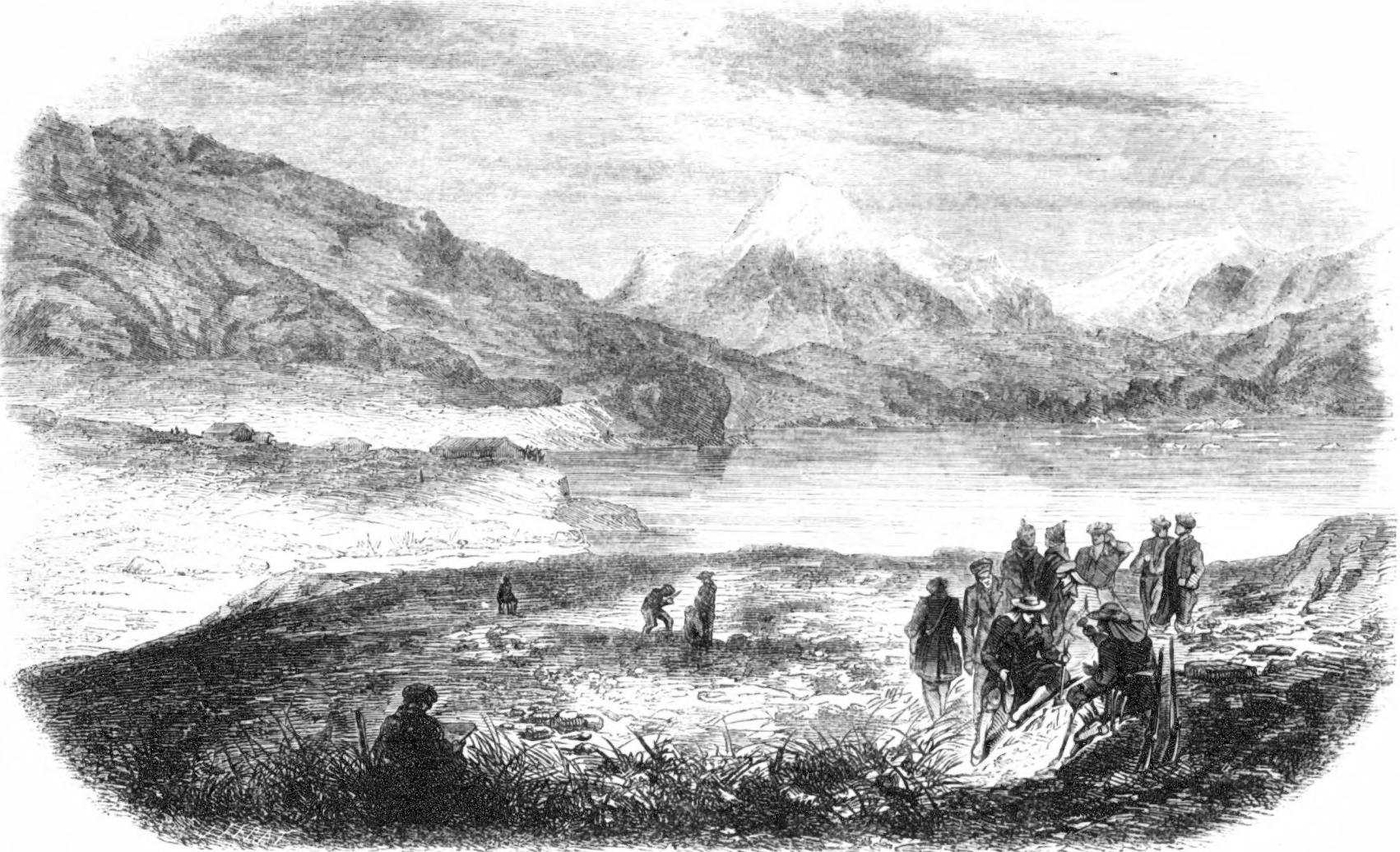
On the 2nd of August, the *Reine Hortense* sailed for Europe; and on the 3rd she was once more in sight of Cape Farewell. In the evening, the weather, which had up till then continued fine, changed suddenly. The wind rose during the night; and towards morning it blew a hurricane. This weather lasted during the week; and after putting in at the Cape several times, all idea of going direct to the Faroe Islands was abandoned. The vessel being short of coal, her head was turned towards Reykjavik, the Prince arrived on the 13th.

Two days later, a salute of 21 guns was fired to celebrate the *feu de l'Empereur*; and the Prince entertained the officers of the various ships of war lying in the roadstead, and with them proceeded on board the *Artemiso*, where a *Te Deum* was sung in honour of the Emperor.

On the following day, the *Reine Hortense* again set sail, anchoring on the 18th, off Thorshavn, the principal village of the Faroe Islands; the next day, she reached Lerwick, the capital of the Shetland



FREDERICK SHAAB, GREENLAND.



DIGGING FOR CRYOLITE, AT EVIGTOK, GREENLAND.

Islands; and on the 24th she sailed for Bergen and the North Pole. We shall report the further proceedings of Prince Napoleon during his northern journey, in our next number, accompanying the account with several other illustrations.

NEW CEMETERY AT FOREST HILL.

We confess our inability to comprehend how any man can arrive at such a degree of calm philosophy as to render him altogether indifferent where his body may be laid after its separation from the immortal part of himself; and we hardly imagine anyone hesitating in a choice between

Highgate and St. Andrew's, Holborn. The picture which Mr. Dickens presents in "Bleak House," of a churchyard in the heart of London, was quite sufficient to inspire anyone with a horror of the system of burying the mortal remains of human beings in the midst of a busy and swarming population.

Such being the case, we cannot but feel that the country owes no slight gratitude to Lord Palmerston, for having carried through Parliament the measure which put an end to intramural interments. We believe that when the Noble Lord terminated a system so peculiarly objectionable, he manifested such interest in the subject, as to have architectural and other plans drawn out for the guidance of those engaged in forming the new

cemeteries; but, apprehensive that Government interference in such a matter might provoke professional jealousy, he abandoned this part of his scheme.

Without venturing an opinion as to any advantage there might have been in carrying out such a notion, we can only say that we observe all around cemeteries springing up in such localities, and in such spots, that few reasonable beings would object to the prospect of being laid in them after drawing the latest breath. Of these we have already in our pages, given illustrations of the new cemetery at Ilford; and we now present an engraving representing that which has come into existence at Forest Hill.



THE NEW CEMETERY AT FOREST HILL.

We understand that, when the Metropolitan Burial Bill compelled the parochial authorities of Camberwell to provide a place of interment for their poor, unlike those of some other parishes, who got over the difficulty by contracting with Joint-Stock Cemetery Companies, they resolved upon providing a beautiful place of interment, where friends and neighbours might repose in peace together.

With this view, the authorities of Camberwell purchased twenty acres of land near the high road from Peckham Rye to the hamlet of Forest Hill, now forming, with Sydenham, a distinct suburb of London. Having thus obtained a fitting piece of ground on which to commence operations, the authorities of Camberwell entrusted the architectural part of the scheme to Mr. Moffat, formerly of the firm of Scott and Moffat, and spared no necessary expense in order to carry their plans properly into execution. Indeed, we are informed that no less a sum than £17,000 has been expended in the formation of the new burial-place. The result is a fine wayside cemetery, where, as has been said of such places, monuments may borrow beauty from the surrounding images of nature—from the trees, the wild flowers, and even from the beaten road. It quite comes up to the idea of a departed poet, who, when offered a place in a fine mausoleum, answered, "No, no, I'll lie where the wind shall blow, and the daisy grow over my grave."

TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE AT THE SURREY GARDENS.

EXETER HALL itself proving too small for the crowds which sought to hear the preaching of Mr. Spurgeon, his friends resolved to hire the great Music Hall in the Surrey Gardens, relying upon "collections" to defray the expenses. How this speculation will now turn out we do not know; for it was inaugurated on Sunday evening last by one of the most terrible disasters we have had to record. The Music Hall is calculated to contain 10,000 persons; and it was filled within a few minutes after the opening of the doors. Indeed, between 14,000 and 15,000 persons gained admission either to the building or the gardens. The service commenced at the time appointed; and for some twenty minutes all went right. However, at a few minutes before seven o'clock, those two cries which have so often proved fatal in large assemblies were heard to issue, first from one and immediately afterwards from several parts of the building. The words "Fire," and "The gallery is falling," at first whispered, were in a second or two shouted by a thousand voices. The staircases were at once choked by a dense stream of people from the galleries, all shrieking and shouting—all rushing, or rather tumbling, towards the places of exit; but this was not the only movement. Hundreds rushed towards the windows, and dashed through them out upon the iron balconies that surround the building. The alarm in the body of the hall was quite as great. The occupants of the benches on the ground-floor imagined that they were about to be buried beneath the falling galleries, and there was an instant rush to the doors and windows. Most of the latter open from top to bottom, doorwise, but were barred across on this occasion. Neither bolts nor bars, however, stopped the panic-stricken crowd. They jumped—men, women, and children—through the closed easements, shivering sashes and glass to atoms, coming through with torn faces, arms, and hands.

In a moment or two after the first alarm a mass of people had reached the lower landings of the staircases, and the pressure on the balustrades became so tremendous that six or eight feet of the handrail and metal supporters on the east side of the hall gave way with a frightful crash, at a height of some twelve or fourteen feet from the basement. A number of persons were at once precipitated to the flagway of the passage, and in this fall some lives were lost. At nearly the same instant the balustrade of the staircase at the eastern side also gave way, but fortunately very near the ground—not higher than six feet.

At this point of the disaster, the cries of the frightened and wounded were so loud and piercing, that they were heard not only all over the gardens, but for a considerable distance round the neighbourhood of Walworth and Kennington. Many of the inhabitants of these localities were themselves in the hall at the time, very many others had relatives or friends there, and fearing the worst their consternation was dreadful. Numbers rushed without hats or bonnets into the gardens, calling for their children, brothers, husbands, or wives, as the case might be, and were met by a confused mass of people flying at the top of their speed.

The gardens, with the exception of the path leading from the principal entrance, were in darkness. The consequence was, that the persons who rushed out through the lower windows ran in directions the most contrary to the one they wished to reach. Some of them ran into the lake, situated in front of the panoramic view of Constantinople. Everywhere about the Gardens in the dark were wounded or frightened individuals, some asking to be carried to the hospital, others requesting to be allowed to be where they were, and the greater number calling for water. Shouts of "Police!" and "Are there any medical men here?" rang through the grounds, and anxious relatives went from place to place to see if those whom they sought were amongst the injured. The darkness, of course, added very considerably to the confusion, and it was some time before either dead or wounded could be removed, though the police on duty showed very great activity in procuring cabs for the removal of the victims.

In the midst of this scene several gentlemen appeared on the balcony surrounding the top storey of the building, and shouted to the police to look sharp after the pickpockets, adding that it was some of those villains who had caused all the mischief. About the same time some thousands had returned to the hall, and Mr. Spurgeon commenced his sermon by asking his auditory why they had run out when an alarm was raised, and following that interrogatory by an inquiry as to whether it was not their conscience—the fear of what would follow after a sudden death—that had induced them to do so. He then proceeded to say that he could not, of course, after such an occurrence, preach to them as he would wish; but he would preach to them for the usual time if they thought fit to remain. Here another alarm and another rush took place, but not to anything like the same extent as the former. However, those who remained were evidently very ill at ease; and it is no wonder that they were so, for the cries that reached them from the outside were heartrending. Under these circumstances Mr. Spurgeon brought the service to a conclusion, after a hymn had been sung, and the remainder of the congregation left the hall.

It would seem now beyond the range of probability to ascertain by whom the false alarm of danger was raised, with what object, or from what cause. The prevalent opinion is that it was a preconcerted movement. One circumstance goes to support this hypothesis. It is stated by Mr. Superintendent Lund, who was present from the commencement of the service, and occupied a seat on the basement of the building immediately in front of the preacher, that he saw three men, who sat together on the same floor, rise up simultaneously and cry "Fire," and that this was the signal for the furious rush that was instantaneously made towards the places of outlet from the hall. He has since identified the exact spot from which they rose, and it happens to be right in the very centre of the ground floor, there being a back to the seat, which distinguishes it from all the rest, and marks its exactly central position. The inference from this statement is, that the three persons in question were acting in concert, and that they had gone early, and deliberately chosen that particular place in the hall as the most eligible for carrying their diabolical plan into effect.

That the alarm, if so given, was given by pickpockets, who hoped to profit by the subsequent confusion, there can be little doubt, though there seems to be some anxiety to attribute the alarm to some persons ill-disposed toward Mr. Spurgeon. There has been a rumour abroad, that just before the alarm of fire was given, a person in the congregation stepped out of his place to call the notice of an attendant to an attempt made in the upper gallery to ignite some gunpowder; but at present this story rests on testimony not altogether satisfactory. As to an alarm from fire, it so happens that there is not a single fireplace or flue in the whole building, nor within 100 yards of it. But the hall is lighted with gas, and therefore the occurrence of fire would not be beyond the range of possibility.

Eight persons were killed—namely, Samuel Heard, a single man, aged 24; Miss Harriet Mathew, aged 16; Mrs. Harriet Barlow, (far advanced in pregnancy), aged 30; Miss Harriet Johnson, aged 20; Mrs. Elizabeth Mead, 43; Mrs. Grace Skipper, 40; the wife of a tradesman living in Fenchurch Street, and a little boy, whose names have not transpired. A very large number of people were also injured. Five were taken to Guy's Hospital, but scarcely fewer than sixty persons were carried away with broken

limbs or serious bruises. All the sufferers at Guy's Hospital are likely to recover. The sister of one of the deceased females (Johnson) waited upon the police authorities and gave a painful narrative as to how the deceased was killed. She stated that she herself smothered her sister; that when the rush took place, both being anxious to get out, the deceased, who was in advance of her, fell, and was forced with her face on the stone flags, and she was driven upon her, and felt the last respiration she gave, but being so closely pressed by those from behind, she was unable to get off her, or to render the least assistance, although she screamed with all her might for help.

The whole of the calamitous consequences that ensued from the rush are supposed to have taken place in the first five or ten minutes after the alarm was sounded, and during the deplorable panic with which it was immediately followed. In a window, at the east end of the second gallery, the glass was entirely broken, and there at least two persons were found, with their heads protruding through the panes into the open air. The window is a great distance from the ground, and the suggestion is that, having broken the glass with the view of jumping out, they found the leap so fraught with danger that they gave up the thought, but could not altogether return to their original position, owing to the pressure of the crowd behind. The little boy who was killed, and whose name has not since been ascertained, he having been carried away by his father to his own residence, was seen to leap over the balustrade of the circular staircase at the north-eastern tower, leading from the galleries, a distance of upwards of twenty feet, and fall with great violence on the stone floor beneath. Several of the women who were killed were found in positions which indicated that, unable to bear the enormous pressure of the crowd, they had sunk down, or fainted away, and then been trodden to death. A man was seen to jump right through the thick plate-glass panel of the door at the south-east entrance to the building.

The "Times," quoting the account of Mr. Superintendent Lund, says that, after the confusion, the money-boxes were sent round for a collection; adding, that it (the "Times") doesn't believe it. We do. We learn from various sources that the collection was made, and are not surprised further to hear that the rattling of money-boxes sounded strange on so very melancholy an occasion, when hundreds were crying in grief, or pain, or terror, and corpses were being slowly removed. We are happy to add, however, that Mr. Spurgeon's chapel committee had had the grace to devote the money so collected (eight pounds) to the families of the sufferers. Moreover, when Mr. Spurgeon recovers from the shock which this accident has inflicted on him, he will, we believe, preach a sermon for the same good object. At present, it is said, the Rev. Gentleman is in a state of complete mental prostration; and the deacons of his congregation, fearing even that his mind was in danger, sent the poor gentleman into the country.

THE INQUEST.

On Tuesday afternoon an inquest was opened on the bodies of Grace Skipper, Harriet Johnson, Harriet Barlow, Elizabeth Mead, Harriet Mathew, and Samuel Heard. The evidence proved, in the clearest manner, the way in which the unhappy persons who were killed came by their death. In every case death ensued upon the circular stone staircase, leading from the first gallery to the ground floor, in the north-western tower of the building. It is also certain that every one of the deceased persons were in the gallery; and—what is perhaps more remarkable than all else—the very individuals who came by this violent end were precisely those nearest the place of exit, and who were the first to run for safety. The man Samuel Heard, the young woman named Johnson, Harriet Barlow, Mrs. Skipper, and probably Harriet Mathew also, all stood immediately within the doorway leading on to the fatal staircase, and were therefore, one would have thought, in the best possible position for effecting a safe retreat. They were likewise the first to run. But, as the event unhappily proved, it was far otherwise. They were all trodden to death on the stairs—even the strong man, Samuel Heard, of all the most likely to be able to hold his own in a crowd.

From the evidence, we infer that Heard was the first to make for the door when the alarm was sounded; that in his precipitation he made a false step as he began the descent, was hurled headlong down the stairs, and that the women, Johnson, Barlow, and Skipper, who would from their position be immediately following him, fell over him as he lay, and were with him trampled to death by the crowd from behind. It is true he, with some others of the deceased, were found on the leads of the refreshment-room; but they seem to have been placed there after death.

It is a singular fact that after the balustrade gave way to the pressure of the crowd, no one fell through the breach on to the floor below; but after that casualty happened there was exhibited an example of maternal love deserving a passing record. Susannah Heard, a young married woman, her husband, and their little boy, with many others, were jammed up on the stair and unable to make any progress. She stood nearest the balustrade, and to save her little boy from suffocation she held him a considerable time over the hand-rail by the neck above the well of the stairs. At that time a man—probably George Lane, now in Guy's Hospital with a comminuted fracture of the right arm—was wedged so forcibly against an iron pillar which supported the stairs, that she and her husband could distinctly hear the bones of his arm snap several times. When the balustrade gave way, her husband put his arm round her and kept her from falling through the gap, she standing while he did so only on one leg, with the other hanging over the edge of the stairs, and still holding her little boy over the gulf. By-and-by the pressure slackened, and she was relieved from this perilous position. The husband at this moment took hold of a woman in the crowd to prevent her from falling, and he found she was dead.

The most precise account of the accident, as a whole, was given before the Coroner, by Albert Fullager, a writer and grainer, who acted as money-collector at the time. He says—"I had just sent a gentleman, a reporter, upstairs, and was looking up to see if he was going right, when he was driven back by a rush and pushed down, and, in his fall, he knocked me down. There was a rush from the body of the hall; they came towards my entrance, and a gentleman smashed open the door. I was forced away. I got under the stairs, and into the body of the hall, and made my way to the opposite staircase. I saw a boy fall from the bannisters. I picked him up. I saw a number of people on the stairs. One of them was dead. I got over the people and passed up the stairs. I saw persons laid down on the first stone landing of the stairs. I picked up two females. They were both insensible, and were lying on their faces. One of them was Harriet Johnson, one of the deceased women, and the other was her sister. I took the one that is alive out and laid her on the grass outside. Harriet Johnson I left on the stairs. I saw a man lying on his back on the same landing, and his leg up the stairs. He was insensible. I raised him up, and put him against the window, and some person took him of me, and laid him on the leads. The person I so raised was the man Samuel Heard. They were enabled to get him out of the window by the people ceasing to press forward when we told them the bannisters had given way. They gave way while I was carrying one of the young women out. There were twelve or fourteen persons fallen down upon the landing, one upon another, and the people behind could not get over them. The stairs below were clear. Persons were attempting to descend by the rails, and others were sliding down the pillars. I did not see any one fall over after the bannisters broke. I saw a woman hanging over, held only by a person who had hold of her round the waist. I have no knowledge of what gave rise to the rush. The newspapers have it that the boy who fell was dead, but he was not. He was taken home, and was not so much hurt as was thought."

It is remarkable, as showing how gregarious a crowd is, that though the means of exit from the building are so many, the greater part of the people in the first gallery, where all the mischief was done, appear to have made for one door, there being at least three others equally convenient, and affording equal facilities of escape. The above facts comprise all the evidence at present offered on the inquest, which was adjourned.

HOISTED AT LAST!—The "Press" of Saturday says:—"The only banner which it seems practicable for the Conservative party to display at the present time is administrative efficiency, combined with practical reform and social amelioration!"

THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF TALK.

THE cities of the metropolis are pursuing their pastime after their customary fashion, and with the usual results. Whenever a piece of business has to be discussed, the affair always ends, after three or four hours of talk, in a motion for the previous question, or the next order of the day, a proposal for adjournment, or a reference back to a committee which has already reported to no purpose. One is reminded, on reading their proceedings, of the now exploded style of business in the Court of Chancery, in the time of Lord Eldon—when a cause was sure to be adjourned by referring all the difficulties to the Master, and to be reopened after a decorous interval of a few years, by a judgment declaring that the Master had miscarried, and referring the question back to the same committee to set himself right, or to make a new blunder, as the case might be. If it were not for the new-fangled Board of Works, we might have had that the fine old conservative mode of doing business had been forgotten; but this popular body has inherited the spirit of delay, if not the spirit of wisdom, which belonged to the Courts of Equity in by-gone times, when their pace was quickened to meet the requirements of this goalless age. Whether the subject is subterranean or superficial—the construction of a new sewer, or the reform of an old street—the choice of offices for the assembled worthies themselves, or the adjustment of the relative functions of their engineer and his clerks—the end is always the same. In some cases, or other, the matter is adjourned. Meanwhile, the grand object has been gained—the deputies have displayed their eloquence, the speaker has been venerated with Parliamentary dignity, some hours have been solemnly wasted, and as for the question at issue, that of course may be settled at a future time.

Among the most recent subjects which have come before the Board, was one second only in importance to the hopeless enterprise of the London drainage. A committee had been appointed to report on the best means of effecting a practicable communication from London Bridge to the West End, by the south side of the river. It is hard to understand, excepting the circumlocution principle, why such a road still remains to be made. A simple geographical fact is decisive as to its importance. The river is convex to the north, and concave to the south. A straight line from the London Bridge terminus to Westminster Bridge lies, therefore, convexly to the south of the river, and is, in fact, not more than two-thirds the distance which has to be traversed by vehicles pursuing the main route through the City and the Strand. In point of time, the disportion is still greater, owing to the excessive traffic which chokes the bridge and streets of the City. The committee to whom the matter was referred, after spending six months in deliberation, produced a plan which was explained to the Board by the Superintending Surveyor, with the following comment that he knew no particular reason why the proposed street should not have begun at a different point and followed a different line. No sooner was the scheme announced than amendments poured in on every side. During the discussion which followed, nobody seemed to pay any regard to the merits of the scheme proposed by the committee—nor to any merit it had any merits, which very likely it had not; and the result was, that the committee was set to work to begin again, with new instructions to prepare new plans to be discussed at a future meeting. Now, we do not complain of the Board for proposing and comparing a variety of projects, but we want to know what benefit is to be expected from a reference back to a select body whose decision, deservedly or undeservedly, appears to be regarded by the majority of the Board with indifference, if not with contempt.

We do not know who were the members of this particular committee, nor does it much matter, for exactly the same treatment seems to be applied to all the committees which it is the settled practice of the Board to appoint on every possible subject. There was one, for instance, which reported last week on the site of offices for the use of the Board. After the usual amount of discussion, this business was shelved like the Borough Street, and the Board proceeded to discuss one of its favourite questions of privilege, which arose out of the apparently harmless fact, that the assistant-engineer, Mr. Smith, had, in the absence of his chief, informed one of the members of the Board of the estimated cost of the Sea Reach Tunnel. There was not the smallest reason to suppose that the estimate had any relation whatever to the probable cost, or that it had any other significance than might have belonged to half a dozen figures put down at random by any other Mr. Smith in the metropolis. The worthlessness of the figures was, indeed, one of the chief arguments used to prove the iniquity of Mr. Smith in revealing them to a presumably critical member. Poor Mr. Smith was fairly bewildered by the cross-examination to which he was exposed, and confessed himself quite unable to solve the grave questions of moral responsibility with which he was assailed. It was in vain that he was asked whether he considered himself the servant of the members individually, of the Board in its collective wisdom, or of his immediate superior, the engineer-in-chief. He could only confess his ignorance, and beg the Board to enlighten him; but the Board was equally unable to decide the all-important question. The precise nature of Smith's responsibility was vehemently discussed for four hours in all its bearings; and after weighing the obligations of courtesy on the one hand, and the duty of not being tampered with on the other—after debating votes of censure and at the crime of obtaining "crude information on the important subject of the main drainage of the metropolis," and hearing the elaborately evaded exposition of the engineer-in-chief—the metropolitan worthies felt their dignity satisfied, and got out of the difficulty, as they had escaped so neatly others, by carrying a motion for the previous question.

But it is the great drainage scheme which best displays the peculiar talent of this central vestry. A month or two ago, we thought that the Board had made a clean sweep of their past labours, and prepared to start afresh by referring the whole question back to the engineer. With commendable industry a report was produced, but a new obstacle arose in the shape of certain forgotten resolutions which had never been formally repealed. Notices of repeal, involving more delay, had to be given; and after the knotty question, whether two motions could be rescinded in one resolution, had been settled, the report at length came under consideration. It suggested four alternate plans. The first was that which Sir B. Hall had rejected; the second, that against which Erith had protested; the third proposed an outfall in Long Reach; and the last involved the construction of a sewer to the sea, and two new Thames tunnels between London and Greenwich. 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TO CORRESPONDENTS

FITZCLARENCE.—The "Illustrated Times" is registered at the Post Office for transmission abroad.

WEED-BE WISE.—We are unable to supply the information sought.

YOUTER.—Our correspondent will notice that we have corrected the error to which he calls our attention.

BALAKLAVA.—The list in question comprised the names of a certain number of private soldiers. It was published in the "London Gazette," &c nearly as we are present about a couple of months ago.

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PARIS.—PARTIES requiring back numbers of the "Illustrated Times" to complete sets, are informed that of the majority of these, the quantity on hand is becoming rapidly exhausted, and that it is not intended to incur the expense of reprinting them. Such numbers as may be required should therefore be at once ordered of the respective agents.

148, Fleet Street.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1856.

THE SURREY GARDENS ACCIDENT.

This has been a great week for Mr. Spurgeon's notoriety; it has helped to spread his fame; it has done for him what a smart battle does for a general, though, unfortunately, at the expense of some six or eight killed and several scores wounded.

In a general way, we are glad to see a preacher popular. Sunk as the age is in materialism, the poorest protest is of value. Mr. Spurgeon—allowing for all deductions—must touch the hearts of many, and (let us hope so, at all events) may awaken the souls of some. But it is a melancholy phenomenon when such a preacher can be wanted, and certain things we hear of his preaching, as well as certain facts notorious about last Sunday's calamity, may well make us think seriously of the character of the times!

We do not object to Mr. Spurgeon the use of a familiar manner—simply as familiar. "When your clergy, Sir, lose their homely style," said Johnson to Boswell, "religion will soon decay in that country." But everybody who has been to church in Scotland knows that the "homely" style in question is something quite removed from comedy. It is paternal, kindly, colloquial, but never suggests the associations of the theatre. Now, but a few weeks have passed since the press had to step out of its way to rebuke Mr. Spurgeon for improper jocosity. It therefore deepens the pain of this catastrophe to reflect that a number of persons suffered death and wounds, from a crowd which must have been largely made up of those who came from curiosity—came to be vulgarly excited, or impiously amused. This is the painful feature of last Sunday's event. This aggravates its misery, diminishes its sanctity, and checks the sympathy we might otherwise have felt for Mr. Spurgeon.

To speak frankly—we do not think that it was at all a proper thing to take the Surrey Gardens Music Hall for any such purpose. It seems that Mr. Spurgeon distinguishes between his "flock" proper and the "public;" that is to say, he has a class whose spiritual welfare he conceives himself to be useful to, and whom he is able to distinguish from the world. Why, then, make an effort to accommodate the world in this kind of way? Why gratify the curious, who go to see him as they might go to see Jenny Lind? By doing so, he takes status of a public performer, plainly and openly. He shows that he is really wanting the "collection," and that for the sake of the collection he will make himself a show. But they will tell us that he must accommodate new hearers and possible converts. Well, then, let him preach—not in a professed place of amusement, but in the open air. Greater men than poor Mr. S. will ever be have preached *out doors*. Let him choose a field or (it may be with still greater fitness) a common. All great religions, and forms of religion, have begun in the open air.

When a man chooses a place of amusement, he invites those who are in the habit of being amused. This "Music Hall" was clearly not a convenient place, since the first rush caused such awful consequences. All mobs are liable to panics, and he who collects mobs should take care that the place is one where a panic will be as little mischievous as may be.

Touching the cause of the panic itself, it is difficult to get accurate information. The choice lies between the pickpocket theory and the rival or enemy theory. For our own parts, we believe, as most probable, the latter—viz., that Mr. Spurgeon has rivals and enemies in the quasi-religious world, who got up this alarm on purpose. No villain could be too stout—who whip too heavy—for such brutal villains, on whose heads must rest the blood of those who died on that day as dreadful a death as humanity can know! And here let me ask—will the English never learn that on such occasions it is the rush that causes the certain destruction?—that if you stick to your seat like a man you may be saved, whatever is the matter; while, if you rush, you will certainly be maimed?—and that, in every probability, the alarm itself is a false one?

Our crowds behave in such a way as to remind us that "panics" derive their name from those supernatural frenzies of terror which the god "Pan" was supposed to inspire.

We must not omit to comment on one of the worst features of this bad business. We allude to the way in which the officials behaved.

Mr. Spurgeon himself set a bad example. We quote from the "Express":—

"Mr. Spurgeon continued his discourse after the terrible catastrophe, remarking that people would rush from danger to save their bodies, while they cared little about the salvation of their souls."

This was in sufficiently bad taste. What follows is worse:—

"Mr. Spurgeon once more addressed the crowd, and said,—"This event will, I trust, teach us the necessity of having a building of our own."

Moral: Take care of number one! Accordingly, we are prepared to bear that the deacons and boys went rattling their money-boxes, which they "shook furiously," seeking gain in the midst of terror and carnage. Our "lion," we see, is well off for jackals,—on whom, however, all the disgust which this incident has awakened in England will be thrown away.

Enough of a painful and humiliating subject. How this affair will affect Mr. Spurgeon's "fame" or his "following" we do not know, and do not much care. We advise sight-seers to steer clear of such dangerous exhibitions. And we hereby suggest to Mr. Spurgeon to have the money-boxes rattled to-morrow, for the benefit of the families of those poor people who were killed in the cause of his notoriety last week.

MILITARY TOM-BOYS.

OUR voice might almost be spared in swelling the unanimous chorus of praise which press and people are bestowing on the Duke of Cambridge for the manly vigour he has displayed in putting Lord Ernest Vane Tempest out of his "suspense," and settling any doubts that might exist in the mind of Cornet Birt, late of the Fourth Dragoons, as to his ultimate chance of becoming a field-marshall. The Duke has done his duty, and the two disgraced subalterns are at liberty to travel in the Holy Land, and "go in for camels," like Mr. James Hartshouse in "Hard Times." We leave them to their own reflections, to the congratulations of the aristocratic families to which they are such honours, and must be such comforts, and to the sympathising condolence of the old ladies at Hampton Court Palace and elsewhere, who are doubtless regretting the suicidal course pursued by his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, in listening to the vulgar clamour of subversive Radicals and the pernicious suggestions of "editor people."

We leave them to a deservedly blighted career—not exultingly, however, as reflection on their case makes it difficult, while fully admitting the justice of their punishment, to avoid looking upon them with a feeling almost akin to pity, as the victims of a stupid, wrong-headed, dangerous, and disgraceful system. The two cornets have been properly "scratched" from the army list "for conduct unbecoming officers and gentlemen, and subversive of good order and military discipline;" but what shall we say of the system that permits raw lads to be made "officers and gentlemen" at all, without insisting that they shall have previously received the instruction and experience qualifying them to become both—of the system that sends Master Ernest Vane Tempest (a name strikingly suggestive of capricious mischief), or Master Birt—who, twelve months since, perhaps, was the inmate of an Eton dame's boarding-house, had an uncontrollable appetite for sweetstuff, and lived in continual terror of the pickled rod—to associate on a footing of perfect equality with officers who have grown gray in the service, to command men who have been in sanguinary charges and hand-to-hand combats in ten campaigns, ten years before the "charge of the six hundred" was ever heard of? The misbehaviour of the two youths who have been expelled the army, was undoubtedly of a nature to render their further continuance in her Majesty's service a crying scandal and injustice; but when we come to analyse their misdeeds and look at them in the abstract, we find that their conduct, though decidedly neither that of officers nor gentlemen, has not been more grossly criminal than the "larkings" of schoolboys. Boys will be boys, we know. It is as difficult as it is injudicious to repress the exuberance of youth in animal spirits and rough frolics; but why, in the name of sound policy and common sense, do we allow *boys*, as boys, to hold the Queen's commission—to be very patriarchs to the sergeant-major who was at Alwal, and Sobroon, and Feruzeshah—to get drunk with the junior Major—to be officers at all, simply because they think they should like to be so, and their grandmamas indulge their darling boys in their whim, and lodge the purchase-money for their commission at Cox and Greenwood's? We are not speaking without some knowledge of the organisation of the French army—that usual cynosure to English military reformers—when we state that practical joking, hair-clipping, bed-hucking, cobbling, and other juvenile horse-play, precisely analogous to the practice in the Brighton barracks, are very far from being unknown, or indeed unfrequent, at the great military school of St. Cyr; in which establishment there are many score pupils much older than the majority of the cornets and ensigns in her Britannic Majesty's army. The jocular tyranny of the *ancien régime* at St. Cyr towards their juniors, exceeds that suffered by Cornet Ames, or even by the hyezone Lieutenant Perry. These practical jokes are, when flagrant, visited with punishment by the school authorities; but they are punished simply as schoolboy faults committed by schoolboys. It never enters the mind of the Governor of St. Cyr to think that Jules or Adolphe, who has thrown water over, or assisted in "bumping" Louis or Henri, will continue that course of conduct when he has gone through the painful course of study required, when he has passed two or three rigorous and genuine *rücke rücke* examinations—not the mockeries we are accustomed to in England—when he has at last obtained his commission as an officer, perhaps even then only to commence a fresh course of study at the cavalry school at Saumur, or the Ecole d'Etat Major. He knows perfectly well that were Jules or Adolphe to carry his little boy's frolics—which he casts off as he does his little boy's uniform—into the regiment into which he enters as a subaltern, six weeks would not elapse ere he would be beaten under the fifth rib by the small sword of a brother officer, or summarily kicked out of the regiment by the Minister of War. The reason why the French officer does not behave like a hoolie-dehoy is that he has had plenty of time given him to grow out of boyish ways and boyish weaknesses before obtaining his epaulettes. If we insisted upon all candidates for the military profession being thoroughly educated as officers before they can obtain their commissions, we should have few subalterns to dismiss from the army in disgrace. We are not specially arguing against the purchase system. We are not by any means advocating indiscriminate promotion from the ranks. In the army of a commercial country, and an army raised solely by voluntary enrolment, and in a state of society in which so many more advantageous civil careers are open to a youth of energy and industry, the ranks of the army will necessarily include too large a proportion of younger sons of younger brothers, revolted tapsters, hostlers, trade-fallen, and discarded unjust serving-men, for promotion from the ranks to take place on any extended scale. But if, again, the British army is to be still officered by the aristocracy and Plutocracy of the country, and commissions are still to be bought and sold, let us insist that a cornet before purchasing his colours shall be well qualified to bear them; and this, in our opinion, is only practicable by making a systematic and progressive military education, under the immediate control of the Government, a *sine quod non* to the entrance of a youth into the army. "Cramming" examinations of candidates for commissions have long since proved to be "mockeries, delusions, and snares."

PERSISTENT SIR PETER.

SIR PETER LAURIE has been for something like fifteen years endeavouring to "put down" suicide. In spite of the worthy Alderman, the crime of *felo de se* is still prevalent within his jurisdiction; and from some recently published police statistics we learn that since the month of October, 1854, thirty-eight suicides have taken place in the City alone, besides eighty-five unsuccessful attempts at self-destruction. The analysis of these statistics offers some very curious results. Of the thirty-eight completed suicides, twenty-nine were by men, and nine only by women; of the unsuccessful attempts, twenty-six were by men, *fifty-nine* by the opposite sex. This enormous disproportion shows the stern, grim determination with which most men bent on making away with themselves accomplish their fell design; it shows the more impulsive but less resolute nature of women. How many of these nine successful and fifty-nine unsuccessful suicides may have been caused by a harsh word from a parent, by the loss of a latchkey, by the cruelty of a sweetheart, by an over-preserved "Sunday out" with a fellow-servant? We have only to thank Heaven that so many lives were saved. But Sir Peter Laurie, professionally anxious to put the right saddle on the right horse, is determined to "put down" suicide. "He will make an example," he says, "of all rescued suicides brought before him." First put down human nature, Sir Peter Laurie, Knight and Alderman. First put down human misery, and human shame, and the prickings of remorse, and the agonies of despair. First put down the causes of suicide, and you will have no need to "make an example" of the half-drowned, half-laudanum-stupified women brought sobbing and trembling to your Guildhall bar.

GLASS HOUSES.

To the indignant comments of the English journals concerning the administration of the bastinado in Naples, a foreign journal maliciously retorts, not by denial, not by extenuation, but by publishing *in extenso* translations of the evidence given before the Committee on Torture in India, and by the report on the recent shameful case of women-flogging in Marylebone Workhouse. The old aphorism about glass houses and throwing stones is thus most unpleasantly brought to an Englishman's recollection. How long will it be before we brick up those detestable superfluous windows for good and all?

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT has prohibited in its dominions the work entitled "The Austrian Dungeons," published in English by Felice Orsini. All translations of the work are equally prohibited.

THE RETURN OF THE BRITISH MISSION FROM RUSSIA in the "St. Jean d'Acire," 101, Captain George St. Vincent King, C.B., will, it is understood, obtain for that officer the dignity of a baronet.

ABOUT TWO THOUSAND MEN OF THE GERMAN LEGION have volunteered for the Cape, and about five hundred more, says the "United Service Gazette," are expected to follow their example.

MAJOR-GENERAL WINCHAM has been appointed to a divisional command of the Bengal army, and will proceed to Ceylon by the overland route on the 4th December next. A divisional command in India is worth about £4,000 per annum.

MR. GILBERT A'BECKETT was buried at Highgate Cemetery on Thursday week.

THE UNFORTUNATE POERIO has had to undergo a surgical operation, his chains having produced swelling and tumours on his body.

THE PACHA OF EGYPT has made a contract with a Parisian Company to light Alexandria with gas.

A REPORT ON THE SILK PRODUCE of this year in the Lombardo-Veneto kingdom has appeared in the "Venezia Gazette;" it shows, on the whole, a very deficient crop.

JAMES McMANUS, who was recently convicted of the murder of a fellow labourer at Castlehill Iron-works, Glasgow, but recommended to mercy, has been respited.

NO FEWER THAN 150,000 "DEAD LETTERS" from foreign countries have accumulated in the post offices of the United States during three months. This arises mainly from the constant movement of new immigrants, whose whereabouts are unknown.

A VACANCY IN THE REPRESENTATIVE PEERAGE OF IRELAND has been caused by the death of Lord Hawarden, a stanch Conservative. His successor in the Peerage is Lieutenant-Colonel of the notorious North Tipperary Militia.

THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE ROYAL SURREY GARDENS COMPANY are to have a dividend for the first half-year at the rate of five per cent per annum. This arises from the earnings during the ten weeks that the gardens were open.

IT IS A REMARKABLE FACT that the recent rise in the rate of discount has not sensibly affected the activity of trade in the manufacturing districts; even a recent temporary check at Manchester has already ceased.

SIR HENRY YOUNG, the Governor of Tasmania, has issued a proclamation, making the gold coinage of the Sydney Mint a legal tender, being, it is believed, the first of the colonies of the Australian group that has taken that step.

FOUR MEN WERE KILLED and a number seriously injured last week, by the explosion of a locomotive engine at Middlesbrough.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN has addressed a letter to the "Dublin Nation," complaining of the demand of £180 by the Customs on a gold cup valued at £800, presented to him in Australia, and which has necessitated his leaving it at Belgium.

THE SULTAN has presented to the Emperor of the French the sanctuary and church of St. Anne, detained by the Turks since the capture of Jerusalem by Sultan Saladin.

MR. EDWARD HANCOCK, station master on the South-Western Railway, has been committed for the manslaughter of an engineer who was killed on the line. Prisoner telegraphed the road "clear," when he knew it to be obstructed.

A LAW has been passed at Buenos Ayres declaring Robas guilty of high treason, confirming the sequestration of his property, and permitting the widows and children of his victims for the next two years to bring actions for damages and indemnity against the former dictator.

A RIBTHON LODGE has been discovered in a remote part of Leitrim.

All SEPOYS now enlisted in the Indian army are liable to be sent wherever the exigencies of the service may require.

THE NECESSARY LEGAL STEPS have been commenced by the Government for the outlawry of James Sadler, late managing director of the Tipperary Bank.

THE WIFE OF A SUSPECTABLE TRADESMAN AT BARNESES NAMED SMITH, who had only been married about a fortnight, committed suicide last week in a canal at Wombwell. When found she had on her wedding garments.

WHILE BREAD still continues to be sold at excessive prices in the metropolis and many parts of the country, the Oxford bakers are content to get sixpence halfpenny, and sevenpence per four pound loaf.

A PORTION of the town of Astrachan (Russia) has been destroyed by an inundation. The inundation lasted several weeks, and caused the ruin of hundreds of families and the death of many persons.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE commence on the 8th of next month.

A MONSTER CAFE is about to be built on the Boulevard St. Denis, Paris. It is to contain no less than eighty-six saloons, each of which will have a special decoration typical of one of the departments of France.

COLLISIONS between the garrison and the population are continually occurring at Malta. The local papers say that shops have been plundered, and police-officers ill-treated. One hundred and fifty notables have made a protest.

THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH has changed his mind about visiting Italy this year.

PRINCE BORGHESE is said to be a claimant of the Shrewsbury property in favour of his daughter by his first wife, who was lady Gwendoline Talbot.

THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW YORK has just decided that "coloured persons" cannot legally be excluded from public carriages plying for hire by any rule of the proprietors.

THE NEAPOLITAN JOURNALS chronicle the début of a young Irish artist, Ferdinand Glover, of Dublin, at the Teatro Nuovo. He is spoken of in the most eulogistic terms by the principal organs of opinion on musical subjects.

THE CLERGY OF ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST have adopted the plan of preaching from the steps of the parish church, and large congregations have been collected.

PRUSSIA, according to the last census, contains 16,990,162 inhabitants, being an increase of 236,293 on the census taken three years ago.

DR. FRIEDRICH KRAUTER, the private secretary and intimate friend of Goethe, recently died at the age of sixty. Mr. Lewes, in his life of the great poet, speaks of him as "his last secretary Krauter, who never speaks of him (Goethe) but with idolatry."

THE BURNING OF THE "NIAGARA," on Lake Michigan, by which seventy-five lives were lost, was, it now appears, the work of an incendiary.

THE OFFICE OF DEAN OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPELS ROYAL, which is generally conferred on the Bishops of London, will, by her Majesty's desire, remain in the hands of Bishop Blomfield.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA has just entered into his sixty-second year, having been born October 15th, 1795.

MALTA was visited on the 12th inst. by several violent shocks of an earthquake. A great deal of property was injured.

A PRIZE OF TEN THOUSAND FRANCS has been offered by the Duke de Luynes, to the person who shall discover the most important new process for the improvement of photography, especially for a means of fixing sun-pictures and making them durable. Artists of all nations are invited to compete, and the award will be made by the committee of the Photographic Society of France.

THE MISSION TO THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS has been so successful that the nation is a nation of Methodists; and the whole population, from the King (who is a "local preacher") down to his meanest subject, attend the Wesleyan ministry.

THE OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT of Mr. Melville's resignation of the Golden Lectureship and the approach of the period for appointing his successor, has renewed the activity of the several candidates and their friends. The contest promises to be a keen one, lying between the Rev. Messrs. Capel Molyneux, Daniel Moore, Bickersteth, and Dr. Croly,

THE CASE OF ENSIGN GEORGE P. COBB, 46th Regiment, who, after absenting himself from his regiment whilst in the Crimea, enlisted as a private in the depot of the 8th (the King's) Regiment, at Chatham, has been disposed of by the Commander-in-Chief, the result being that Ensign Cobb is dismissed from his regiment.

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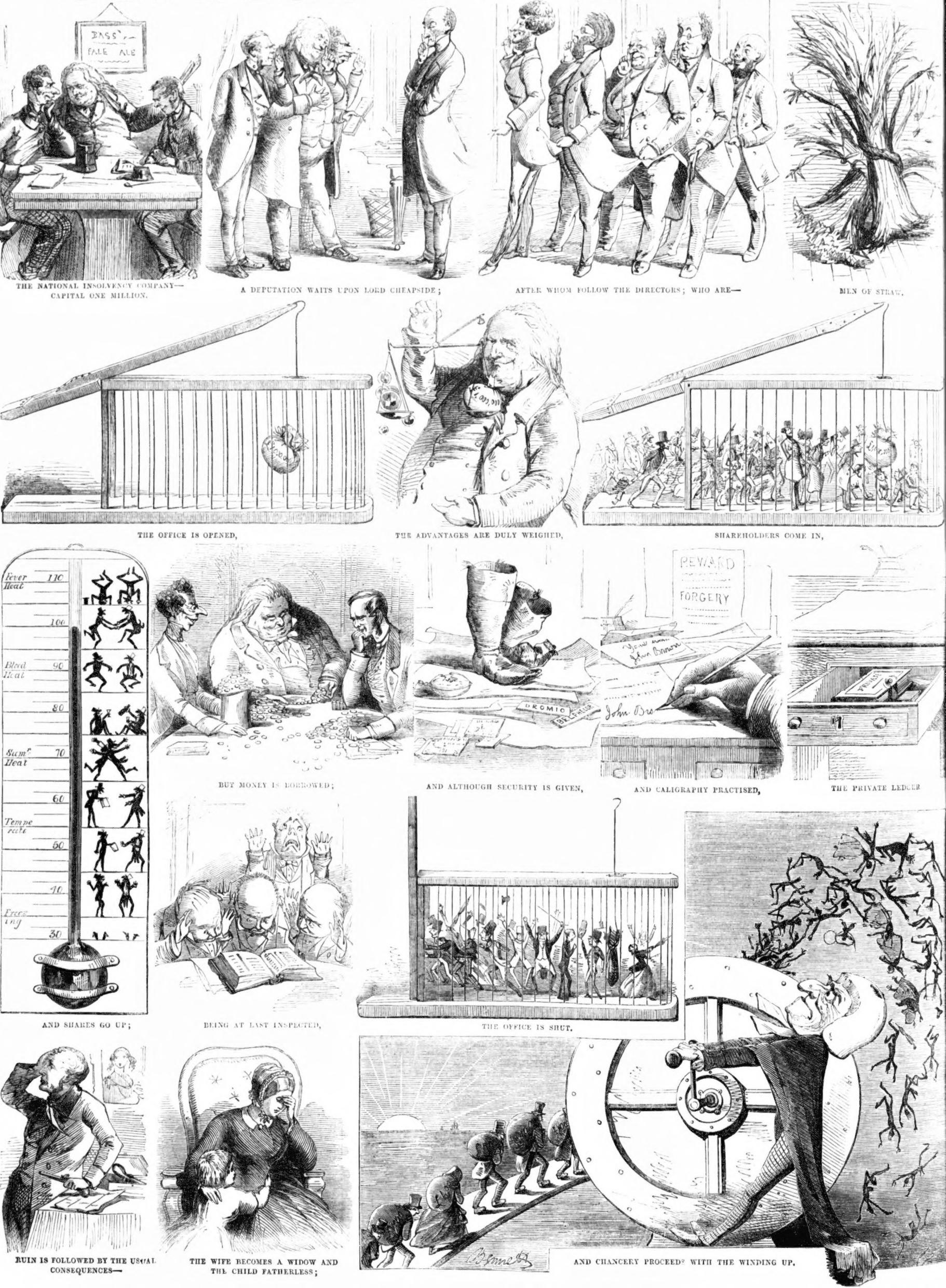
THE REPORTED LOSS OF H.M.S.S. "BRILLIANT" AND "PYLADES," on the North American Station, proves to have been unfounded.

THE QUEEN has been pleased to direct that the corps of Royal Sappers and Miners shall henceforward be denominated the corps of Royal Engineers, and form one body with the existing corps of Royal Engineers.

THE SUNDAY LEAGUE, the object of which seems to be to "modify the rigid manner in which the Sabbath is kept in this country, by throwing open the British Museum, the Crystal Palace, and other such exhibition," had a meeting at York last week. The meeting was very stormy, but, on the whole, favourable to the league.

THE MARQUIS OF HERTFORD has placed his famous, but seldom seen, collection of pictures at the disposal of the directors of the Manchester Exhibition. The project is altogether very warmly supported.

CAPITAL ONE MILLION





THE CORONATION OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA—THE PEOPLES BANQUET AT MOSCOW.

GODEFROY GENOT.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE MOSCOW FETES.

THE FIREWORKS.

The display of fireworks with which the *fêtes* of the Coronation were brought to a close, (as far at least as Moscow is concerned,) was magnificent, the only fault being that it was invisible. Thanks, however, to the enormous number of rockets fired off, to say nothing of the pieces of artillery discharged, such a cloud of smoke was produced that nothing but a gentle breeze blowing directly towards the Emperor's box, was necessary in order to prevent their Imperial Majesties from seeing anything at all. In due time this breeze arose, and from that moment the exhibition of pyrotechny, brilliant as it doubtless was, became entirely lost upon the inmates of the Imperial box, and upon all those persons who a short time before had esteemed themselves fortunate in obtaining places in its immediate vicinity.

The Corps des Cadets, opposite which the transparencies and principal set-pieces had been placed, stands at the back of a plain which somewhat reminds us of the Champ de Mars, chiefly, perhaps, because the Corps des Cadets remind us of the Ecole Militaire. The long balcony which runs along the front of the building had been converted into "tribunes," that is to say, rows of seats had been erected in it as well as in the rooms from which it is entered. The centre portion of the balcony had been hung with the usual Imperial colours, scarlet and gold, and converted into a magnificent state-box for the Emperor and his family. The rows of seats on each side of this state-box were reserved for the *corps diplomatique* and the "foreigners of distinction," as they are officially termed. The male occupants of these places were all in uniform or court-dress, if we except one or two of the foreigners of distinction who distinguished themselves by appearing in black. Great-coats, however, were not proscribed, and in spite of their ball-dresses the ladies wore bonnets. In England no one ever heard of persons going in evening dress to see a display of fireworks, but it must be remembered that the grand staircase and principal suite of rooms in the Corps des Cadets are worthy of a palace, and that every one who was present in the building was supposed to be there at the express invitation of the Emperor. We may add while on the subject of the audience department, (and audience is the exact word in the case of an entertainment which appealed chiefly to the ears,) that the balcony had been beautifully fitted up for the occasion, and that a brilliant suite of rooms was thrown open, in which a species of *conversations* or improvised *soirée* took place after the fireworks.

The road by which the Emperor reached the Corps des Cadets from the Palace of the Kremlin was illuminated from one end to the other. His Majesty was accompanied by the Empress and the Grand Dukes, and wore the uniform of the old Prevbrzensky regiment, founded by Peter the Great. This is the regiment introduced in the "Etoile du Nord," but the costume of the Prevbrzensky-guards, in the opera, differs essentially from the one worn by those distinguished warriors in real life, and is in fact that of the Paulovsky regiment, which in the time of Peter the Great had no existence. The chief peculiarity in the uniform of the Prevbrzensky regiment is the helmet, which resembles the one worn until within a few years by our Life Guards, with the exception, that the horse-hair plume is black instead of white. Of the crowd we can only say, that it was enormous and compact. Between the Corps des Cadets and the transparencies erected in front, nothing was perceptible but a mass of upturned faces, which shone in the light of the first signal as their owners gazed towards the box of the Emperor. This was to be one of the popular *fêtes*, and in order that no one might have an excuse for missing it, the time at which it was to take place had been announced the previous day in all the churches of Moscow. Besides the fireworks, there was to be a *concert-monsire* in which two thousand musicians, belonging to the different military bands, and a thousand vocalists, were to take part. Among the musicians, the whole of the military bands of the Guard were included.

In Russia we find order in everything, even in fireworks; and we were not surprised to see that the pyrotechnic display was regularly divided into so many parts, which were again sub-divided into so many other parts, the whole tending naturally to a magnificent conclusion in the shape of the *bouquet*. The *bouquet* itself had been prepared in a most elaborate manner, and on the bridge leading to the firework-ground, and for nearly a mile round it, soldiers were stationed with rockets at their side ready to set light to them at a given signal. The signal was one not easy to mistake, being nothing less than the last note of "God save the Emperor," with its accompaniment of forty-eight cannons.

The fireworks with their accompaniment of music, and the music with its accompaniment of cannon, were arranged as follows:—There were five so-called "signals," each "signal" consisting of five separate discharges of bombs and war rockets. At the end of each of the signals a transparency was illuminated, and as each transparency was lighted up the orchestra, or orchestra and chorus, executed a piece of music. The last piece of music was accompanied by cannon, and was followed by the *bouquet*, after which the Corps des Cadets was illuminated in a most brilliant manner by means of electric lights. The first "signal" consisted of one discharge of six bombs and four separate discharges of war rockets, with six rockets in each discharge. We must content ourselves with stating that some of these rockets sent forth balls, and that others burst into showers. The balls, like other rocket balls, and like Russian illumination lamps, were red, blue, green, and white; the showers were sometimes white, sometimes golden.

The rockets of the first signal were ignited by means of a butterfly-shaped lantern-rocket, which was lighted from the Emperor's box, and which flew through the air along an invisible wire to the place where the fireworks in question stood.

At the conclusion of the first signal the transparency representing the monument to Ivan Soussanin was illuminated, and the orchestra executed the Finale to "La vie pour la Tsar," an opera by the Russian composer Glinka.

The transparencies, we should have stated, were three in number. In the middle, facing the Imperial box, was the triumphal arch of St. Petersburg; on the left, the equestrian statue of Peter the Great; on the right, the monument to Ivan Soussanin.

The monument to this hero is simply a column with a cypress on each side. Probably, too, the reader may wish to know something about Ivan Soussanin himself. He has no connection, then, with Ivan Veliki, or Ivan the Terrible, who have done such good service in the letters of the Moscow correspondents; but was simply a poor, uneducated peasant, who had nevertheless enough wit to sacrifice his life to the safety of the Czar, and thus procure himself the honour of being made the hero of an opera in three acts—words by Count Rosen, music by Glinka. The Czar Michael was in danger of his life from a band of conspirators, who were in quest of him when they happened to fall in with Ivan Soussanin. Ivan was interrogated as to the Czar's place of concealment, and offered the traitors, if they would accompany him, to reveal it to them. The offer having been eagerly accepted, Ivan Soussanin led them to a wood, from which it was almost impossible to find an issue, and then boldly declared to them that to save the life of his Czar he had determined to sacrifice his own. It was accordingly sacrificed, and in commemoration of his devotion the inhabitants of the village he inhabited are to this day exempted from the payment of certain taxes, while Ivan Soussanin has not only a monument but also one of the greatest, and certainly one of the most popular, names in Russian history.

The second signal consisted, like the first, of one discharge of bombs and four of war-rockets, only, instead of six rockets or bombs, each discharge contained twelve. The "decoration" consequent upon this signal were cascades, surmounted by sistrum stars, windmills, will-o'-the-wisps, and other fantastic devices of pyrotechny.

The number of rockets fired off at each signal, increased in arithmetical progression. Accordingly, in the third signal, each discharge numbered eighteen rockets or bombs. At the end of the third signal, the statue of Peter the Great was lighted up. The two most remarkable things about this statue are the size and weight of the pedestal, which was nevertheless brought to St. Petersburg, all the way from the Finland quarries, on a raft constructed specially for the purpose; and the position of the horse rearing on its hind legs, to which, and to the lower part of the body, additional weight has been given by pouring in large quantities of fused metal.

The exhibition of the statue of Peter the Great was followed by the march of the Prevbrzensky regiment, which is said to have been played

at the battle of Pultowa, M. Scribe going so far as to attribute the composition of the Prevbrzensky march to Peter the Great himself (see "Etoile du Nord.") The Prevbrzensky regiment derives its name from a cognomen *sabour* at a few miles' distance from Moscow, where Peter, when a boy, formed his regiment of children, which, at a later period, contributed so much towards his success at Pultowa, and which formed the nucleus of the Imperial Guard.

The fourth signal, in which each of the five discharges consisted of twenty-four rockets, was followed by a display of fixed and revolving rosettes, which, with a thick column of smoke before them, looked like so many representations of the sun behind clouds.

After the fifth signal (five times thirty-six bombs and war rockets), the large transparency in the centre—that of the Triumphal Arch at the Narva Barrier, St. Petersburg—was lighted up. This arch bears a great resemblance to the Triumphal Arch at Moscow, differing from it only as regards the number of horses in the car at the top. Consequently it bears a great resemblance to the Arch of the Carrousel in Paris, which has in fact been the model of both. Every one who has visited St. Petersburg or Moscow has doubtless noticed the partiality of the Russians for chariots as architectural ornaments, whether on arches, palaces, or theatres. This must arise partly from a general love of action in sculpture, for there is not a statue in an attitude of repose either in Moscow or St. Petersburg, and partly from a special love for chariot racing which possesses the Russian, whose happiness in many cases seems to be in proportion to the number of horses he can drive abreast.

With the illumination of the triumphal arch, the chorus and orchestra commenced the national anthem, "God save the Czar," in which it was understood that a fundamental bass of an entirely new description would be introduced. The air was executed the first time in the ordinary manner, allowing for the fact that there were three thousand excentants. It was then repeated with the new bass instruments, or canons, which, without being quite so large as ophicleides, make considerably more noise. The cannon appeared to be played from the part written for the big drum, which it "doubled," or more strictly speaking, centupled. Thus the cannon marked the commencement of each bar, and accentuated the three final notes of the air, which are identical with those of "God save the Queen." Being quite a new instrument, the cannon was on this occasion entrusted to the *chef d'orchestre*, who fired it from a battery (we mean, of course, a galvanic battery), giving each sound with as much precision as if he had been touching note on the piano. We need scarcely state that when we say precision, we mean precision of time, and not of tone, in which quality the cannon appears to be slightly deficient.

The final note of "God save the Czar" was heard simultaneously with the explosion of the *bouquet*, which consisted of 21,000 Roman candles and 42,000 rockets.

It will be unnecessary for us to describe the scene from the People's *Fête*, of which an engraving will be found on the preceding page, as in our numbers for October 4th and 11th, we gave full particulars of this very characteristic Muscovite banquet.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

All London gossips are full of the accident last Sunday at the Surrey Gardens; and it seems to be a wonder which will undoubtedly live out its full complement of nine days. Mr. Spurgeon cannot now complain of a want of notoriety. Even those benighted beings who a week ago had never heard of him, are now enlightened, while his name has been enshrined in his country's annals,—*i. e.* in a leader in the "Times." Of the cause of this most frightful calamity, I believe nothing will ever be clearly known. I was not present myself, but I have seen several persons who were, but from none of them can I gather any clear account. Superintendent Lund says, he saw three persons sitting on a particular bench, rise up and give the alarm at once, and evidently with a purpose. With all due deference, I don't believe a word of it. Policemen always see everything, hear everything, know everything; it is as much a part of their duty to be omniscient and omnipresent, as it is to be stolid, stupid, and dogmatic. Mr. Lund was there with his wife and daughter, (so says the courteous penny-a-liner,) and was doubtless engaged in open-mouthed staring at the fanatic preacher, to hear whom he went to the Gardens; but directly he gets a chance of individualising himself from the mob, he steps forward with his story; and the quickness of perception displayed will doubtless not be forgotten when "that intelligent officer, Lund," applies for his pension at some future period. Leaving Lund out of the question, however, I do not think that the original cause of the accident will ever be satisfactorily arrived at, the reasons at present assigned being so antagonistic. It is said that the cry of "Fire," was raised by thieves, but there were several detective officers scattered throughout the building, and not one professional swell mobman was recognised by them. It is said that members of other religious denominations, disgusted at Mr. Spurgeon's success spread the alarm; but among fanatics of this class jealousy is the prevailing sentiment. My own idea, based upon a careful sifting of all I have gleaned, is that the panic was originated in pure fear, by some member of the congregation; most probably by one of those elderly females who flock to such gatherings; and that, once started, it was impossible to allay it. The conduct of Mr. Spurgeon himself appears to have been identically represented on all sides; he endeavoured to allay the excitement by continuing his prayer, and by renewing the hymn, in both of which attempts he was aided by the "office-bearers" of his regular chapel; but when the accident had happened, and the people were some killed, many mangled, he sharply attacked the remainder of the congregation from the pulpit; upbraided them with attending to earthly matters, (*i. e.* to their own wounded friends,) rather than to his discourse, and duly sent the money-box round. Curiously enough, his text was, "Thou canst not serve God and Mammon." How beautiful was the Scriptural application, as exemplified in the conduct of the Spurgeonites "office-bearers!"

The conduct of the Duke of Cambridge in the Ernest Vane Tempest matter will make him a popular idol. How long would poor Lord Hardinge have debated over the question, and finally trembled and given in to the rank and position of the criminal and his friends! The Duke of Cambridge has a *status* which exactly fits him for the position which he holds; as he does not care about mixing in society with the nobility, still as a member of the Royal family he is independent of their caprices and dislikes. In addition to their treatment of Mr. Ames, Lord Ernest Vane Tempest and his talented friend, Mr. Birt, broke their arrest, and paraded themselves on a drag about Brighton; and it was this freak, it is said, which "broke the camel's back," and led to their abrupt dismissal.

This is the season when the political Paillasses go round the country with their carts and jack-puddings. Beresford and Chowler, Laing, Sir G. C. Lewis, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, &c., have each appealed to select audiences, and have each elicited the usual amount of "cheers, tears, and laughter." Mr. M. D. Hill, the zealous Recorder of Birmingham, has also ventilated his peculiar opinions on the ticket-of-leave question to the empanelled grand jury of the county.

The first published report of the directors of the Royal Surrey Gardens Company must be highly satisfactory to the shareholders, inasmuch as it states, after defraying every cost connected with the Company from the 15th of July to the 10th of October, there remains a clear profit upon the earnings sufficient to pay a dividend upon the paid-up capital of the company of five per cent. for the half-year ended January the 1st next. So far so good; but much remains to be done. The concert hall is the best of its kind—by far the best in London—and the music provided under M. Jullien's auspices is capital; but more amusement is wanted for the people who arrive before the music begins, and do not care to devote themselves entirely to it. The refreshment department also requires a strict supervision, under which it may be made a source not only of profit, but also of credit to the company.

I understand that Mr. W. J. Robson, the semi-dramatic, semi-commercial speculator, within the space of two hours after his being lodged in Horse-monger Lane Jail, wrote to the attorneys of the Crystal Palace Company, stating his intention of pleading "Guilty" to any indictment preferred against him. The stories which have been told of Mr. Robson's *liaisons* with certain public characters contain about as much truth as did his mil-

lionaire reputation. Mr. E. T. Smith has, I understand, completely settled his accounts with the assignees of Mr. Robson.

Rumours acent the impecuniosity of the son of a Noble Earl and his absence from England have been current during the last week or two. From all that can be gathered, the matter has been painted a much blacker colour than it deserved, and will speedily be settled. The Nobleman in question, the poor son of a poor peer, may be remembered years ago as the fugitive of the party that first made the great set against Daniel O'Connell; it was on his motion that the celebrated vote of censure was passed upon the "Liberator;" and he seemed at that moment to have a brilliant political career before him. The turf, however (to use the vernacular slang), "had its charms;" and there was a day at Newmarket which saw the hopes of a comparative neophyte in the contest for the blue ribbon of the turf die away, (as did Tom Tulloch in the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes,) which sent the noble owner grieving home, and ought to have taught him a better lesson. Again politics supervened, and the pages of the blue-books of the Evidence on the Cambridge Commission of Inquiry bear but too strikingly in evidence how easily a young man may be ruined by trusting himself to corrupt and partial advisers. I only hope the story may be true that the Noble Lord may be freed from his embarrassments, for no one who will know him, can even in this dark day of his decline, accuse him of an evil-kind, an unfriendly, or an ungentlemanly action. I write this, knowing at the same time that I am writing of one who was the author of the most brilliant lines we have ever had submitted to us in print, against the abuses and the vices of those who are popularly and properly called "Ring-men."

The readers of light literature will be very sorry to hear that Mr. Frank Smedley has sustained a severe accident, in consequence of being thrown from a pony carriage.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.
THE "QUARTERLY."

The last "Quarterly Review" is a still stronger testimony of the change of political sentiment and of party feeling, than any one that has appeared before the public in a literary form. At the same time I do think that a very long time has elapsed since so brilliant a number of the "Old Quarterly" has appeared. The philosophical, the historical, the foreign, the domestic, and the semi-poetical elements of critical annotation and comment are displayed in succession. The edition of Bacon's "Essays," which Archbishop Whately has recently edited, the marauding exploits of the French in Algeria, the difficult question as to how funds for the building of schools in England are to be found, and the new Biographies of Montaigne, fill up the first half of the volume before me, as matters for critical review. Then I find a singularly interesting article upon the present ruins of Rome—(I mean of ancient Rome)—with a sort of Murray Handbook Guide to the discrimination necessary to be exercised between the different characteristics of the present remains of that glorious city, which once "upon seven hills did sit a Queen." There is a deep, strange feeling stirred within me, I confess, when I think of Rome; and it is not lessened by the article in the "Quarterly," of which I write; for among other associations, therein is revived the picture of Gibbon, sitting among the moonlit ruins of the Coliseum, and gathering the inspiration of the moment on which the long story of the Decline and Fall of that great Roman Empire was founded. The story of the "Nuns of Port Royal" is told with accuracy, fidelity, and interest. Romanus, when combined with religion, attracts still more strongly than when History is simply made the vehicle of strange stories. But the strangest of all strange stories remains to be told. I do not believe that any person in the year 1836, would ever have believed that the "Quarterly," in 1856, would have admitted to its pages an article which, headed the "Declining Efficiency of Parliament," actually admits that the great Baronet of Tamworth, Sir Robert Peel, "did right in his generation." Good gracious! Shade or penumbra of John Wilson Croker!—Croker! thou who didst stand and shake hands with the memorable Recorder of Bristol when the Reform Bill was passed, and didst vow that neither of the twain would sit again in St. Stephen's under that revolutionary measure (and what is a great deal more, didst keep the vow)—Croker! have you yielded your Tory inspiration to the advance of the time, or your pen to the new staff of the "Quarterly?" In either case, I honestly wish the Review in question all success for having given up bigotry for once, and at the same time furnishing me with a very pleasant number of "The Quarterly."

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

THE PRINCESS'S—THE LYCEUM—THE OLYMPIC, &c.

LAST week I was enabled to send you but a short notice of the revival of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Princess's, but I will now enter more into detail. Starting with the undeniable fact, then, that Mr. Kean does not pretend to "go in" for Shakespeare with the zeal of an enthusiastic admirer, but that he rather uses the Shaksperian plays as vehicles for the display of much good taste and many beautiful effects: the management must be warmly congratulated upon the production of their present *cheval de bataille*. Those carpers, who, from interested or other motives, have always used the word "upholstery" in connection with the decorations employed in these revivals, cannot assuredly avail themselves of this offensive term in the present instance, as the effects produced are not simply those to be obtained by a lavish outlay. Throughout the whole of the piece, from first to last, there is evidence of much artistic taste, and brains have been employed as well as money spent in perfecting that glorious *tout ensemble* which nightly calls forth the delight of the audience.

Each unseen person employed appears to be perfect in his vocation, and one is in doubt whether to give the greatest laudation to the artist, the machinist, or the ballet-master, so well have they, one and all, exerted themselves. The first scene, the terrace of Theseus's palace, with a distant view of Athens—not the Athens of the period in which the play is laid (for Mr. Kean, as I explained last week, has post-dated the time of action, and the city represented is the *Athena of Pericles*), with the restored Acropolis, the theatre of Bacchus, and the hundred surrounding temples and public buildings—is admirably painted. Then, until the scene when the Pyramus and Thisbe tragedy is enacted, we have different views of the wood in which the main action of the play is carried on. All these bits of great scenery with their umbrageous boskage, their large gnarled trunks of trees, their delicate fern, and their moonlit glades, are very studies. The effect of the last scene where the fairies are in the palace of Theseus, is slightly marred by want of space. Old play-goers will recollect that at Covent Garden, in Vestris's time, there were built galleries to the palace, along which the fairies passed and repassed. Here, from the want of stage breadth, these galleries are merely painted, and filled with painted figures, the evolutions of the fairies being confined to the stage itself, which, to make the most of all available space, is arranged into platforms of different heights. The most successful "effects" were the "shadow dance" of Titania and four fairies in the second act, and the glorious fairy dance which concludes the fourth act, the effect of which was heightened by a Beverleyan expanding palm tree, which rose gradually through the stage, and when it had attained its greatest height, dropped forth garlands of different coloured flowers, with which the fairies performed various fantastic and graceful evolutions. The acting throughout was excellent; only one person did I feel inclined to rebuke, and that was Mr. J. F. Catheart, whose declamation is stately, monotonous, and unpleasant. Mr. Ryder, unquestionably one of the most reliable actors on the stage, looked grandly as Theseus, and spoke all the beautiful language allotted to him with due discretion and emphasis. Miss Murray and Miss Leclerc looked charmingly as Hypolite and Titania respectively, and Miss F. Ternan no doubt made, to those who did not remember Madame Vestris, a capital Oberon. A little girl, a Miss Ellen Terry, played Puck better than I have ever yet seen the trying part filled; there was a clearness of voice, a gracefulness of pose, and a hearty appreciation of the mischief she was causing, which made this child's acting delightful. Miss Heath, who, I venture to say, will very soon be the best actress on our stage, delighted me with her performance of Helena, by its truthfulness, sincerity, and modesty; and a Miss Button, a very handsome young lady, who has risen from the ranks of the ballet, played Hermia respectably. I must honestly

that I went without the slightest expectation of deriving any pleasure from the comic part of the performance, and that I came away with a excessive laughter. Mr. Hall played better than I ever seen him act before. Of course he used all those old conventional tricks which he must have used a thousand times before; of course drew on his chin, and straddled his legs, and on the celebrated Horseshoe, with the bent-in back, the clasped hands, and the raised heels; but the scene where he wore the ass's head, and more especially as he was relieved from that appendage, he showed that he could act as well, and act, too, capitally. Messrs. F. Matthews, Saker, Meadows, were also excellent as the other clowns. One word with Mendelsohn's music, which was announced as a feature. Part certainly was played, but with it were mingled scraps of Beethoven, Chopin, and I should imagine, of the compositions of the musical director of the theatre. This was wrong. To musical enthusiasts, the works of Mendelsohn are as sacred as those of Shakspere to playgoers, and they should be given intact, or not at all.

On Thursday last I was at the Lyceum, on the occasion of the produc-

tion of "The King's Musketeers," and, as it was my first visit under the management, I was naturally somewhat curious as to how things were carried on. Mr. Dillon has a beautiful theatre and the elements of a good company at his command. There is Mrs. Melton, admirable either in serious or in light comedy, but as yet she has played nothing in the Lyceum in any way worthy of her powers; Mrs. Buckingham White, whose personal appearance fits her admirably for the performance of certain roles; Miss Harriet Gordon, clever in those parts where dash-

pins are of more consequence than high refined manners; and a few acquisition to London boards, Miss Wilton, of whose acting in the burlesque (which I did not see) report speaks highly. Mr. Dillon himself seems full of talent, spirit and energy; and his wife, judging from her performance in "Belphizor," is admirably calculated for the interesting heroines of domestic drama. Then there is Mr. Stuart, a well-practised melodramatic actor; Mr. Barrett, capital in chief eccentricity or disguised "old men"; and Mr. Toole, without exception the most promising young comedian on the stage, full of vivacity and originality, endowed with extraordinary powers of mimicry. The pieces are placed upon the stage with the utmost liberality, the scenery is good, the dresses rich and handsome, the grouping and "action" excellent. Mr. Dillon has the ball at his foot; but there are one or two strings lacking which I will make bold to tell him. First, then, he wants a premesse, for neither of those gentlemen who I saw attempting to fit his character were beyond, if up to, passable mediocrity. I am not going to name Mr. McLean, a novelty to the metropolis, who played in the same piece with such quietude, gentlemanly bearing, and evident appreciation of the character he represented, that I regret to none of the leading journals the slight I am worthy of mentioning, but his *je ne sais quoi* appears to be rather what is technically termed "juvenile tragedy." What is wanting at the Lyceum is a person to fill those characters which are at present without an adequate representative on the London stage, unless I except Mr. Leigh Murray, and he won't play them; those characters in which Mr. Farren is very nearly capital, and in which Mr. Howe looks well and acts tolerably—those characters, of all others the most difficult, to quiet, gentlemanly, unstagey, well-bred men of the present day.

One little word more of advice and I have finished. The Lyceum has缺点, since it was first leased by Mr. Keeley, been the theatre for the *new goss* and for the higher classes of theatre-going people. Of late years the Olympic has pressed it hard, but the Lyceum has the advantages of situation, seniority, and beauty. To keep up this *prestige*, the theatre must provide adequate accommodation for its visitors—everything in front of the house must be well ordered. If Mr. Dillon would only, in vulgar but explicit phraseology, "take the bad by the horns," and do away with the place-taking fees, and with the whole tribe of hucksters who now pestle your life out with their impunitudes for you to buy books and bills, he would at once gain over to him every playgoer who values peace and comfort. It would be a bold step; but it would, I am certain, at once elevate the Lyceum in a very short time, the pecuniary position of the management,

The drama of "Retribution" has been revived during the week at the Olympic, despite the strictures of the virtuous "Times." The playbill has a capital written *affiche* on the occasion, stating that the piece is re-produced in no defiance of public opinion, but simply because the man manager feels that though the exhibition of triumphant vice must necessarily be immoral and pernicious, yet when the schemes of these persons are turned upon their own heads, and virtue triumphs, a contrary result ensues. Mr. Wigan has sustained a great loss in the person of Mr. Emery, Mr. Addison, who plays his part in "Retribution," is simply the conventional old man of our childhood.

At the Haymarket, Mr. Murdoch, "the Yankee Elliston," as he is called by those who delight to do him honour, has appeared as Rover, in "Wild Oats," with much success. The eternal Spanish dancers still exist; and a new farce for Miss Blanche Fane is underwritten.

The business at the Adelphi has been so good with Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, that the production of the new comedy of "The Border Marriage" has been postponed until next Monday week.

A dramatic version of Mrs. Stowe's "Dred" has been produced at the Haymarket.

Mr. and Mrs. Keeley commence an engagement of a week's duration at the Standard Theatre on Monday next. Miss Louise Keeley, whose *début* on the occasion of the amateur performance of the Fielding Club at Drury Lane was so successful, is about to undertake an engagement at Glasgow, for six months, to perfect herself in the art which she has embraced.

PALMER'S HORSE "CHICKEN."—It will be recollect that the murderer, William Palmer, gave £5,000 for a race-horse called Chicken, which on running for the Oaks at Epsom in 1855, fell and seriously injured Marlow the jockey. The new owner of Chicken changed its name to Vengeance. Six, thirty fourth, the great Cesarewitch race was won last week by Vengeance, Polystar (formerly the property of John Parsons Cook) running second. These horses are also first and second favourites for the Cheshire Stakes, the principal race of the Houghton week.

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot amongst influential Welshmen for the purpose of paying a national tribute to the memory of Llywelyn, "the last independent Prince of Wales."

THE MERRIMAC.—A correspondent calls our attention to a misprint contained in our article descriptive of this celebrated frigate. We stated the area of its sails to be 566 feet, instead of 36,600 feet, as is really the case.

THE POOR LAW BOARD AND THE GUARDIANS OF ST. PANCRAS.—The Guardians of St. Pancras have engaged in a contest with the Poor Law Board. Mr. Hall, Poor Law Inspector, has required the Master and the Surgeons of the parish to furnish him with certain books and forms. The Guardians have directed their servants to pay no attention to the orders of the Inspector. A Committee was appointed to obtain the opinion of counsel on the question. Can the Guardians relieve the officers from all responsibility? The Poor Law Inspector states that a refusal to obey the Poor Law Board is a misdemeanour.

DEATH FROM DESTITUTION.—Louisa Regan, aged twenty-five, was found in the streets at nine o'clock one morning last week, in a very feeble state. It was raining hard, and a policeman, seeing that she was very ill, took her to King's College Hospital. She was taken into the surgery, and placed upon a table, and about ten o'clock was seen by Mr. Way, the house physician, and another medical gentleman, who decided that she was suffering under a consumptive disease, and could not be admitted into the hospital, as there was no accommodation for consumptive patients. The deceased was removed from the hospital in a cab to the Strand Union Workhouse, where she died the same afternoon. The post mortem examination showed that the lungs were much diseased, but there was no appearance sufficient to account for death. The case is worth notice. Here was a poor woman found at nine o'clock in the morning in a dying state, seeking a visit for relief. After an unusual delay at King's College Hospital, she at last reached the Strand Union Workhouse at five minutes to twelve, in a state of complete exhaustion. She was conveyed by two men to one of the upper wards, then removed to the bath-room, and back again, and no refreshment was offered her until the dinner hour, when the soup usually served to the establishment was offered to her. She refused it, and it was not until after four o'clock that she received from a girl, who had known her elsewhere, a cup of tea. In a quarter of an hour afterwards she expired, having received, for so many hours, nothing more nourishing than sympathy. The jury by whom an inquest on the poor woman's body was held, returned that she had died from disease and destitution, adding that great blame attached to the authorities of the Strand Union Workhouse and King's College Hospital, for not showing that attention to deceased which she stood in need of.

Illustrated.

Craigcrook Castle. By GERALD MASSEY. London: Bogue.

LET Mr. Massey continue to improve at the rate of progression indicated by a comparison between his present and last publications, and he cannot fail to achieve for himself an admirable and enviable position. He is already in possession of the public ear. His remarkable history—that of a half-starved pit-boy who has managed to educate himself while yet youthful into a gentleman-like poet—has earned him the sympathies of all classes. Even his earliest errors, though marked by the most glaring of youthful faults, were more than promising. Mr. Massey has also been very well abused indeed—which is an immense advantage in some cases. He has been convicted of ignorance, and detected at plagiarism. But these are among the faults of youth alluded to. Knowledge, as most people are aware who have tried it, is as difficult to earn as honest money. With regard to the charge of plagiarism, let us ask what ardent-souled boy ever commenced writing except by re-uttering the thoughts and frequently the words of some one or half-a-dozen worshipped models? It may be said that Mr. Massey was not a boy when he commenced writing. Mr. Massey at the age of forty would have more excuse for writing like a boy than the majority of well-set, well-schooled young gentlemen now ornamenting the London press would have had at fourteen. It is also worthy of note, that Mr. Massey has been abused and sneered at by just such critics, and on just such grounds as must inevitably convert the slowly discerning, but after all chivalrous British public, into his indignant champions. And the hands of the British public are just the pair which a young writer would wish to see taking up the cudgels in his favour.

When we shall have plucked our little crow with Mr. Massey—a very little crow indeed, scarcely bigger than a blackbird—on the subject of "Craigcrook Castle," we believe we shall have very few words to say to him, that will not be found, in a very high degree, encouraging and complimentary. "Craigcrook Castle" comes to us in the form of a single poem, occupying a godly Mexican volume of two hundred and odd pages. We are astonished and pleased to find Mr. Massey already ripe for an effort of such epic dimensions. We say "pleased," because we feel confidence in Massey as a man not likely to over-estimate his own powers. We are "astonished" at the rapid development of those powers. But, lo and behold! when we come to open the book, we immediately experience the chill of a disappointment. "Craigcrook Castle" is not a single poem at all, but a collection of fugitive pieces, strung together by a most brittle and ignoble thread. We feel momentarily indignant at the author for raising too high an expectation. We did not expect a great poem from Mr. Massey—or some fine to come, and would have been perfectly content to wait. He had no right to excite our interest by false signs of a prodigious birth, that we find has not taken place. He brings us a portion of his poetical debt to his generation, disguised as a weighty ingot of gold. When we inspect the remuneration we find it only to consist of a godly number of very nice new shillings on account. Having got over the first miserly feeling of disappointment, we accept the instalment gratefully enough, and proceed to give Mr. Massey his receipt for the just amount.

"Craigcrook Castle," as the author informs us in a little *peccavi* sort of paragraph, smuggled in at the head of histable of contents—"may be read as a continuous poem, or divided into separate poems." The "continuous poem" theory we repudiate as utterly unsound, and not wholly visible. The work has not been divided into separate pieces. It consists of separate pieces piled together with the semblance of a whole, which has no consistency whatever. We are reminded of the indignant shopkeeper's protest against the "unradesmanlike practice of assuming it is the same concern."

The volume commences with a description—a very good one—of Craigcrook Castle, a feudal seat somewhere on the seacoast of Scotland, from the owner of which the poet appears to have received well-merited, and as honestly acknowledged, hospitality. A marriage festival and the assemblage of congenial guests is made the ostensible groundwork of a kind of *Decameron*. Among the persons assembled is—

"A Prod'zil of Freed-dom, whos' great heart,
Big as the world it floods with wealth to-day,
Must cut to-morrow of the Stranger's husks—
Prometheus, on his rock of exile."

In other words, a noble-hearted Italian refugee.

Then there are two young ladies, Amilia and Charmian, whose description contains many and profuse gems of imagery, but who do not strike you forcibly as breathing feminities. The married couple, of which the bridegroom has newly—

"Brought his beauteous bride in triumph home;
A jolly Briton, princely to the poor.
His r'ch, heart-warming, rudeness of look
Might make an east wind red off mellow and mild."

A poet, rather inaptly called *Reubens*; the host of Craigcrook, another jolly Briton of an elder generation; a Crimean hero; and—

"A silvered sage, like some old-pictured saint."

These, with the poet and one or two others, make up the *dramatis personae*. After sunset, out-door sports being exhausted, they go in-doors to tell stories. *But they don't tell them.*

As soon as Mr. Massey's prologue ends, we lose all sight of it, and commence a most agreeable course of reading of wholly disconnected pieces. Those, we presume, the author would wish us to believe are elicited by the characters in turn; but the style and subject of each have no affinity whatever to the separate idiosyncrasies of the speakers—whom, in fact, we have soon forgotten all about.

It would not be very easy to recollect anything while reading the first narrative, if so it can be called, of the collection—"The Mother's Idol broken," which is unquestionably the gem of the book. To speak of it as a cluster of gems would be more just. It is the poetical expression, in many graceful and fantastic forms, of a father's grief for dead darling child. It is no unworthy companion to "In Memoriam." It is to that wonderful "cairn" of precious stones, heaped to a dead friend's memory, what a golden-haired, pink-fleshed child is to a brown-bearded, stalwart man. It may indeed be called the "In Memoriam of the Nursery." Of the nursery, understand us well—not for the nursery; for the hearts it appeals to are mature ones, seared and tempered by sorrow—such people as the poet himself addresses—

"O ye who say, 'We have a child in heaven';
Who have felt that desolate isolation sharp
Defined in Death's own face; who have stood beside
The silent river, and stretcht out pleading hands
For some sweet babe upon the other bank
That went forth where no human heart might lead,
And left the shut house with no light, no sound,
No answer when the mourners wail without!"

To step aside for a moment from the ordinary path of criticism, let the commentator upon the above lines confess himself one of the class for whom they have been written, and thank their author, in the name of his fellow mourners, for his complete and beautiful expression of their common woe. There are many rich libraries and many scanty book-shelves in all the lands where English can be read, wherein the volume containing "The Mother's Idol broken" will be found side by side with "Domine et Son" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for years to come—for more years to come than can be predicted! for this world will have to alter strangely ere its Pauls, Evas, and Marianas, will consent to remain in it!

Next in magnitude, as in order, Mr. Massey gives us the story of "Lady Laura." It is the history of a noble beauty who rescues a factory-boy of poetical temperament from the doom of his fellows, by charity. The result will be foreseen—love! Lady Laura loses her fortune. The grateful protegee wins it back for her. Result—equally obvious—reward, by marriage! In this story we detect Mr. Massey's too limited reading, which has evidently been confined to the modern poets. It reads like what is a *réchauffé* of "Maud," "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," "Yeast," "Alton Locke," "A Life Drama," &c. Still, as we don't consider Mr. Massey one of the highest order of poets—the order in which the Homers, Shakespeares, and Burnses are enrolled as chief dignitaries, so far from blaming him for

making use of his reading, we congratulate him in having turned opportunities to such good advantage. We advise him to make Longfellow his model, and to reflect that that poet never wrote well, till he had mastered all the English and French, with some half dozen each of the Spanish and German poets. Mr. Massey need not look beyond England for some time to come. He will be able to strike many new lights by bringing himself in contact with Pope, Dryden, and the poets generally of the Elizabethan and Carolan eras. We will dismiss "Lady Laura" with the brief remark, that it contains many pictures of struggling life derived from no book whatever, but the very hard one of Gerald Massey's own experience, to which, if he will take our advice, he will continue to refer as often as possible. Here is a specimen:—

"Pleasantly rings the chime that calls to the bridal-hall or kirk;
But the devil might gloomily pull, for the peal that wakes the child to work!
'Come, little children,' the mid-hall rings; and drowsily they run,
Little old men and women, and human worms, who have spun
The life of infancy into silk; and fed child, mother and wife,
The factory's smoke of torment, with the part of human life!"

This may be the distilled language of Hood, Tennyson, the Brownsings, and Dickens, if you please; but Gerald Massey has been a weakly child and is not able to run alone contumely. We must let him hold on by the nearest strong finger held out to him for the present. But he has evidently plenty to say, and we can trust him for finding out a language of his own wherein to say it eventually.

The volume is filled with miscellaneous poems, several of which have already appeared in print, grouped together under various flimsy (though never wholly inartistic) pretences. The "Glimpses of the War," extending over about a quarter of the volume, furnish an additional proof, if any were needed, of the utter carelessness of the late Crimean experiment for poetical purposes. When Tennyson has only been able to leave on record a semi-satisfactory *tour de force* of rhythm, describing a toothy mistake on the part of a body of ill-conducted horse-soldiers, Mr. Massey must not be ashamed of leaving—nothing whatever worthy of preservation.

Amongst the minor poems at the end of the volume, there are many worth far more than the volume's price. Here is one:—

LITTLE WILLIE.

"Poor little Willie,
With his many pretty wiles,
Worlds of wisdom in his looks,
And quaint, quaint snails;
Hair of amber, touched with
Gold of heaven so brave,
All lying darkly laid
In a Workhouse Grave.

"You remember attle Willie;
Fair and funny follow'd he
Sprang like a fly
From the dirt of poverty,
Poor little Willie!
Not a friend was nigh,
When, from the cold world,
He crooked down to die.

"In the day we wandered foal-s,
Little Willie cried for bread;
In the night we wand'red homeless,
Little Willie cried for bed.
Parted at the workhouse door,
Not a word we said;
Ah, so tired was poor Willie,
And so sweetly sleep the dead.

"I was in the dead of winter
We laid him in the earth;
He world brought in the New Year,
On a tide of mirth,
But for lost little Willie,
Not a tear we crave;
Coid and Hunger cannot wake him,
In his Workhouse Grave.

"We thought him beautiful,
Felt it hard to part;
We loved him dutiful;
Down, down, poor heart!
The storm they may beat;
The winter winds may rave;
Little Willie feels not,
In his Workhouse Grave.

"No room for little Willie;
In the world he had no part;
On him stared the Gorgon-eye,
Thru' which looks no heart.
Come to me, said Heaven;
And, if Heaven will save,
Little matters though the door
Be a Workhouse Grave."

The class of critics to whom we alluded at the outset of our article, will no doubt find great fun in the author's confession that he has a child buried in a workhouse grave. They will also, in the same poem, detect more legitimate grounds for objection, in faults of style and rhythm. We are equally aware of their existence in this and most of the author's works; but we have dwelt lightly, or not at all, upon them, considering Mr. Massey's purely exceptional history. Considering the wonders he has done with his past opportunities, it would be a sinful shame, for the world's sake and his own, to discourage such a man, by a single unkind word, from turning to glorious account the more favourable opportunities that good fortune and his own genius seem to have opened to him. Mr. Gerald Massey carries with him our best wishes, and, for his already published works, our scarcely qualified approval.

THE POETRY OF AUSTRALIA.—In the tepid times of Poet Bowles, a favourite phrase in the critic's mouth was, that Mr. So-and-So was an "ingenious poet." The true ingenious poet, however, has been reserved for our own times. He has indeed turned up, in the person of Mr. R. Kinnahan, who, in a poem entitled "Yarra-Yarra," has achieved the following lines:—

"Farewell, Taringower! and Ganawarr!
Farewell, Wagga Barrong! and Irrawarr!
Farewell, Burra Burry! Polluh! Morang!
Farewell, Merrimingo! and thee, Burnsesang!
And thee, Boorundara! and Goonmalbee!
Farewell, Narra Narra! and Hinmonongy!
And Wimmera plains, by Tongeomungle!"

THE TERAMA OF THE KREMLIN.

WHILE, in this country, "shaly woods and pathless groves," and spots of that kind, are the scenes associated by poets with those displays of the tender passion in which youthful loves indulge, a place known in Russia as the Terama plays no insignificant part in the love songs in favour with the subjects of the Empire of the Czars.

Terama, as we may as well state at once, for the information of those readers who have not paid much attention to such subjects, is neither more nor less than the name bestowed, not only on that strange old building in the Kremlin which our engraving represents, but to the upper part of the house of almost every Russian peasant who has a tenement of his own. Surrounded by a balcony, and conveniently sheltered by the projecting roof of the building, this Terama forms a lodging for the daughters and young children of the peasant's family.

That part of the ancient palace of the savage old Czars of Muscovy, with which we have now more particularly to do, is called pre-eminently the Terama, and is indeed a remarkable edifice, both as regards style and architecture. It consists of four several storeys, and gradually diminishes as it goes upwards, t'il the highest storey only contains a single room.

On the roof are twelve gilded cupolas, which glitter in the sun, and which we doubt not have delighted the young eyes of many a future Czar, while passing his childhood in the Terama. These cupolas will be readily recognised by our readers in the accompanying engraving. By some writers, the appearance of this interesting relic of the old Muscovite

days, has been compared to the lessening tubes of a telescope, when the instrument is drawn out; and on the space left by the retreat of one storey from the ceiling of the other is said to be a balcony, with steps ascending from each terrace to that above. We have no doubt our fair readers will be of opinion that a true-love meeting in such a place as this would be no very unpleasant affair!

But however this may be, the Terama of the Kremlin is far from being deficient in that historical interest with which Moscow is replete. In the lowest part of the building, visitors to the Kremlin are shown the throne and audience-chamber of those old Czars who used to deal in so summary a manner with subjects who incurred their displeasure; and the upper part is pointed out as having been the dwelling of the princess and children of that family to which Peter the Great gave imperial rank.

When, a few years since, the Terama was repaired by the Czar Nicholas, the ancient aspect of the building was carefully preserved, and all the rooms were fitted up in the old Russian style. The walls, which are so painted as to recall to mind the glories of the Alhambra of Granada, present to the eye an extraordinary mixture of foliage and flowers, in the gayest colours, with birds, squirrels, and a variety of animals, among which figure mice. Here and there are portraits of Czars, armorial bearings, and representations of houses in miniature.

From one of the terraces of the Terama, the visitor is conducted to a little church, which the French plundered on the occasion of Bonaparte's invasion; but which the Emperors Alexander and Nicholas, like faithful sons of the Greek Church, restored to its former magnificence, and endowed with gold and silver vessels.

The Terama has nestled itself into the very heart of the old residence of the Ivens; and every terrace affords an interesting view of the buildings forming the Kremlin.

AN ENGLISH CARRIAGE FOR THE SULTAN.

ANY one who, during the London season, has visited Hyde Park while the fashionable aristocracy are taking their drive, and has observed with attention the equipages in which those privileged beings "loll supine in state," can well understand why foreign potentates send to England for their carriages. Among those who have recently availed themselves of the

skill and taste of Messrs. Laurie and Marner, the west-end coach builders, whose establishment counts among its patrons the Queen of England, the Emperor of Russia, and other royal personages, is our Imperial ally, the Sultan of Turkey.

Our readers are doubtless aware that the Turkish capital, though presenting so pleasing an aspect from the sea, ceases to charm visitors when they are within the walls, not only from the comparatively mean appearance of the houses, but from the narrowness of its 3,770 streets and lanes. Indeed, with the exception of the great street Adrianople, there has hitherto been scarcely a thoroughfare of sufficient width to admit of two vehicles passing abreast, while the surface has been of that uneven and rugged description which formerly characterised many of the principal and the majority of the bye-roads of England. Consequently the few vehicles in use have been heavy and lumbering, and by no means calculated for that more rapid locomotion of which our present improved roads admit.

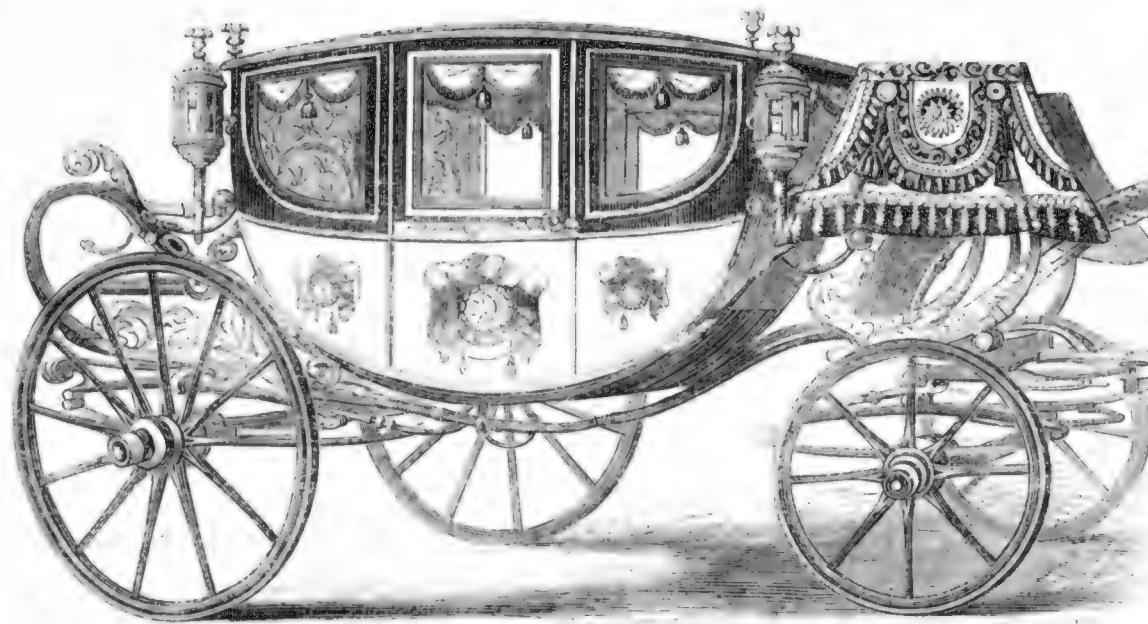
Among other improvements to which the Sultan is now enabled to direct his attention, are the streets of Constantinople, so that at no very distant day they may be traversed with equal facility, by

similarly light and elegant carriages as those which abound in British metropolis. It can be inferred that there is such an object in view, in fact of a carriage, such as which our engraving represents, having been ordered for Sultan's use.

The style of this equipage is similar to the state or litters of the English aristocracy, and its prevailing colour is amber, with reliefs of crimson silvery. Massive iron ornaments are displayed in front; elegant emblems surmount each corner of the roof. Around the latter a chaste cornice, and the panels are bordered with beading. The whole of the decorations are of silver. Upon each of the panels, instead of the bearings and heraldic inscriptions, which are accustomed to see, are large and well-executed monograms emblazoned in the centre, surrounded by scroll ornaments supporting groupings of three flowers. The hammer-cast pearl white, bordered with crimson fringe, relieved by lion hangers. On either side massive silver ornaments are chased, having the crescent star in the centre of an irregular &c., is velvet encircled with a fringe.

In all probability, the carriage thus set by the Sultan will be followed by the wealthy of Constantinople; and that such is anticipated, may be presumed from the fact that already measures are in progress for general improvement of the roads and thoroughfares, to effect which several operatives from this country have, by the desire of the Sultan, proceeded to that city. Such being the state of matters, we can hardly doubt that in a short period, the narrow and rugged streets of Constantinople will have become a mere matter of history, and that the capital of Turkey will be included in "the wheel-going world."

The Sultan's new carriage is constructed with what is known among builders as a crane-perch, which admits of its turning in the narrowest possible space consistent with its own size. The interior, combining elegance in appearance with the most luxurious ease, is lined with light-coloured satin, trimmed with crimson cut in velvet; and the roof is of white satin, with flutes or folds converging in the centre. The vehicle is of the most durable character throughout. The art-workmanship has been executed by men of the highest skill; and altogether this remarkably fine specimen of an English-built carriage, is exceedingly creditable to the establishment from which it emanates.



THE NEW CARRIAGE CONSTRUCTED FOR THE SULTAN, BY MESSRS. LAURIE AND MARNER.



CORNER FOR THE CURIOUS.—NO. XVI.
THE "BELL" AT EDMONTON.

"Away went Gilpin neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig;
He little thought when he set out
Of running such a rig."

The Bell tavern, which is so well known in connection with John Gilpin's disaster, is at the present time undergoing certain alterations, in order to render it in keeping with the changes being made in the neighbourhood. We hasten therefore to preserve so interesting a memorandum of this far-famed hostelry in our "Corner for the Curious," from a time when ere it was subjected to the builder's renovating hands.

Times have changed with these suburban retreats since the old coaching and post-horse days. Some years of stagnation of trade, consequent upon the divergence of the traffic, has made a woful alteration in the appearance of many of the once well-frequented inns, which so lively this road out of London. Some have been converted to other uses, and others seem to be struggling on until better days, their signs and the buildings themselves more or less dilapidated. However, it will not be long before the now almost deserted road will again become a thoroughfare, for in all directions may be seen indications of London taking a large stride in this direction. Along the Seven Sisters' Road Holloway to Tottenham, many new houses have already started up, and most of the still green fields, large boards indicate that building for ninety-nine years are to be had. The Seven Sisters at Tottenham, from which this road takes its name, are even now a picturesque group of trees, although they have sadly decayed during the last few years. From here towards Edmonton, the wayside is pleasantly varied by old red gabled houses, situated in little parks and gardens; some buildings of various coloured bricks, of about Charles the First's time, with beautifully-designed hand-wrought iron work in front; and various schools and hospitals endowed by former wealthy inhabitants. None of these is the following inscription:—

"1600
not VNTO
YS O LORD
not unto YS BVT VNTO
Thy name give glory,
Psalm 115, 1.

Battazze Shánchez, borne in Spayne, In the cittie of Sperey, in Estremadra, is the founder of these Eylet Almes Houses for the relief of eight poor men and women of this town of Tottenham High Cross."

We notice, as we reach Edmonton, that both dogs and children are very numerous and readily ready to bark and cry as they were in Coxwold days. Among the modern institutions to be found here is a local school of health, which seems actively at work providing sanitary improvements, in anticipation of the expected increase of the neighbourhood. Sazan ditches have been drained into a fitting sewer, cesspools have been done away with, and the wells of water which are too near the surface have been abolished. The whole of the sewerage is taken to a distance, consolidated, and some thousands of tons, it is stated, of this fish guano, is spread over the neighbouring lands. This is all very well; but the people grumble at the dust, and also at the very imperfect supply of water which has as yet been provided for them by the authorities, till the little boys had of course heard of "John Gilpin," and we were glad to find that some among them also knew the name of the poet Cowper. The old Bell inn is a plain brick house, similar to those built in such fashion in London after the fire of 1666. The style of the building is evidently older. The progress of John Gilpin is shown on a large and well-painted sign. We could, however, find no memorials inside worth notice, and but for the literary associations of the place, it might be readily passed without notice. The front is to be made, we are told, more handsome—suppose after the gin-shop style—a change which, we think, those concerned may have reason to regret.

A little further on is Waltham Cross and the Norman Abbey, with clear fishing streams, gardens, and meadows; and we were not a little surprised to notice hereabouts, so near to the bustle of London and in the immediate vicinity of a railway, oxen yoked in carriages, exactly as shown in the old Saxon illuminations.



THE "BELL" AT EDMONTON.

THE CAMP AT DOVER.

The camp at Dover no longer exists. The height, which a few weeks ago was all life and bustle, is now well nigh a solitude. At this date, two or three tents and a sentry-box are all that remain of what was lately the camp of Dover. The catastrophe which was the cause of all this, will not soon be forgotten by those who were spectators of the scene.

The oldest inhabitant of Dover, indeed, has no recollection of any such storm as that which prevailed there on the 28th ult. During that week the equinoctial gales had set in with more than usual severity. Day by day the breeze increased, till the evening of the 27th, when it blew what is known as a "perfect gale." During that night the gale became stronger, and the next morning the weather was most appalling—the wind howling dismally, and the sea raging with the greatest fury.

At that time, the scene along the piers and around the port was awfully grand. Gigantic waves broke in succession right over the Admiralty pier for two or three hours. It did little damage there, but the sea so boiled up on the western side as to tear up the pavement in front of the Lord Warden Hotel. Some idea may be formed of its power and range when it is stated that it dashed columns of water right over the building, carried a cloud of sticks and stones into the dock on the other side, and filled up all

the kitchens of the hotel, and left between two and three feet of water in the area round.

Fortunately very little damage was sustained by the building beyond the effect of the flooding and the breaking of a few panes of glass. The whole of the space, however, facing the sea was strewn with broken planks, piles, and other fragments of wood which came from the groins, buildings, and fences of the South-Eastern Railway. The railway sustained the most damage. At about 100 yards from the Archcliff Fort tunnel, and about 200 yards from the station, great was the violence of the curling, foaming sea. In the corner near Shakespeare's Cliff, it broke quite through the outer stone fence, carrying it away, then through the heavy and massive wooden framework, tied by iron rods across from one line of rails to the other, and from buildings on the one side to premises on the other, scooped out the shingle, broke down the stays, swept off a large portion of the buildings nearest to the beach, bore down some of the brick-work, and undermined the sheds nearest the cliff, and for fifty yards entirely broke down both lines of rails, sleepers, and framework. The wreck from the railway, together with the planks from the groins, were for hours dashed against and over the Admiralty Pier, and being thrown up more than twenty feet high, at the corner of the Lord Warden Hotel, in pieces, some of which were more than 100 lbs. weight, were then split into fragments against the pier and pavement.

While such was the state of matters in the town, and while many of those who witnessed the fearful spectacle knew not where to go for immediate safety, the camp did not escape. Its occupants, who had hitherto been so quiet, were suddenly in disorder and confusion, from finding their drenched tent blown down by the unexpected gale, which continued to rage for some hours.

The soldiers, after fruitless endeavours to keep their tents, were under the necessity of evacuating, and finding themselves without shelter, unanimously agreed to leave the camp and enter the town. The inhabitants were at first, it appears, somewhat surprised at their presence; but before midnight, proper arrangements were made for billeting the soldiers in the neighbourhood, several large houses and hotels conveniently answering the purpose of barracks.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT THE COLCHESTER CAMP.—The parade ground of the camp in the vicinity of Colchester last week presented the remarkable scene of a public dismissal of an officer from her Majesty's service. From inquiries we learn that Lieutenant Saunders, of the British German Legion, had tendered his resignation, which General Stutterheim declined to accept, when the Lieutenant not only refused to do the duty he was ordered, but made use of some most offensive expressions towards the General, who had him placed under arrest. Lieutenant Saunders refused to be arrested, and, mounting his horse, endeavoured to ride out of the camp, when the sentries on duty at the gateways went down on their knees with fixed bayonets, and repulsed him: he was then surrounded, and taken into camp. The affair was communicated to the Commander-in-Chief, who desired Major-General Gascoigne, commanding the camp, to assemble the whole of the officers and some of the men of each regiment, and in the most public manner to reprimand Lieutenant Saunders for his mutinous and disgraceful and unofficerlike conduct, and dismiss him from her Majesty's service. Accordingly at ten o'clock on Wednesday morning last week, the officers and men formed three sides of a square on the parade ground, in the centre of which Major-General Gascoigne and Staff, and General Stutterheim with his staff, took up their position, when Lieutenant Saunders, divested of his sword, was marched in prisoner by the adjutant of his regiment. General Gascoigne having read in prison by the adjutant of his regiment. General Gascoigne having read aloud the Duke of Cambridge's letter, proceeded to address Lieutenant Saunders in plain and out-spoken terms, and desired him to leave the parade, as he was no longer an officer. Lieutenant Saunders made no reply. He marched off the parade, and the troops dispersed.

LORD ERNEST VANE TEMPEST AND MR. BIRT.—We publish with great satisfaction the following memorandum from the War Office, which appeared in the "Gazette" of the 17th inst.:—"Cornets Lord Ernest Vane Tempest and William J. Birt, of the 14th Light Dragoons, are dismissed from her Majesty's Army, in consequence of conduct unbecoming officers and gentlemen, and subversive of good order and military discipline, as reported to her Majesty by his Royal Highness the General Commanding-in-chief." The inquiry which led to this prompt and pleasing decision was close and secret, and what took place has not transpired: all that is known is, that the inquiry lasted a very short time. It has been remarked that the third officer supposed to have been rather deeply implicated in the outrages for which Lord E. V. Tempest and Mr. Birt have been cashiered (Lieut. Winstanley) is not mentioned in the memorandum; and it is suggested that if there are any facts which exonerate him they should be stated.



DESTRUCTION OF THE HIGHLANDERS' CAMP, DURING THE STORM AT DOVER.

THE COMING OMNIBUS.

(Communicated to the "Illustrated Times" by an Impatient "Outsider.")

"WAIT till the new company has had time to organise its plans, and then see what changes will take place in the system."

I have waited, Sir, in accordance with the foregoing demand, not so much because I respect the wisdom by which it was dictated, as because I had no choice but to wait; and all I can now see in the way of change looks remarkably like the unassisted work of Time—not celebrated for working many improvements. Everything seems as it was; only "more so." The extensive but not commodious carriage which occasionally chokes Chapside and Fleet Street, which is always in a terrible hurry to start when you are scrambling into or tumbling out of it, and perversely crowds when you want it to go fast; which, in spite of its remediable and irremediable miseries, we have allowed to become a tyrannous necessity, inasmuch as five or six days' deprivation of the convenient nuisance would drive vast numbers of our respected fellow-citizens to the alternative of using their feet or blowing out their brains—that jolting, creaking, rattling, ill-favoured, and uncomfortable conveyance, I say, still rattles, creaks, and jolts, only with so much increase of discomfort as is the natural result of wear and tear, left to their own devices.

There is, Sir, this unaccountable fact in the management of the new company, not only does the general character of omnibus traffic remain the same, but the several characteristics of the individual properties, now supposed to be merged in one, remain the same also! This is a phenomenon quite unparalleled in the case of any other public company; and its existence here is as striking a proof as any negative fact can be of incapacity and feebleness of purpose in the directorship. Every one knows that the best-managed line, under its original proprietorship, was the Islington line of "Favourite" omnibuses. It is still the best. By many degrees the most disgraceful management was that of the Westminster route from Warwick Street to the Royal Exchange. So it is yet. There is one particular imposition which distinguishes the Westminster omnibuses in former days, and which is perpetuated under the company's administration. Not content with deluding passengers into the idea that they will be carried to Pimlico, the owners of these vehicles had "Regent Street" conspicuously painted on the doors, there being an obscure thoroughfare with that name, lying somewhere between Millbank and Rochester Row! This fraud upon the public is continued at the present time.

Why, Sir, is there still a rivalry between different lines of omnibuses, if they all belong to one body of proprietors? Why are the men suffered to bully one another and fight for passengers, if the result be the same, whatever omnibus a passenger chooses to go by? Why should "Royal Blues," which go to Pimlico, and "Marquis of Westminsters," which pretend to go there, but don't, delight to bark and bite over such a trifle as a bewildered old gentleman or helpless old lady, who would give ten times the right fare to know which particular conductor was to be trusted? The fact is, there has been no virtual amalgamation except of profits. One candid shareholder—probably he keeps a brougham and does not trouble the omnibuses much himself—wrote to the "Daily News" some two or three months ago, stating in effect that the question of profits was the only one he deemed worth consideration. It is a pity that this hint, from a gentleman interested in the mere pecuniary success of a monopoly, should have been lost on the metropolitan public. Perhaps it may not be quite lost after all. There is yet time to get up a pretty formidable pressure before the next session of Parliament. If there was the shadow of an excuse for imposing a strict law upon cab-proprietors, arbitrarily fixing their rates of fare in spite of their earnest and truthful remonstrance that the fluctuations of outlay in their business were very great, surely we may hope for some legislative assistance in applying the curb or spur, as each may be needed, to the London General Omnibus Monopoly.

It is absurd to say that the association has not had time to effect the reforms which are most required. I will grant that the old omnibuses will have to be used up before the archetypal vehicle can become common. I will go further, and allow that to entirely rid these old carriages with new cushions and lining, might entail a cost which the company would be justified in avoiding. But why not immediately pull down the grimed and grease-defouled phæreids, which have been accumulating filth ever since the business of hill-sticking first found its way into public carriages? No substance gathers and retains dirt, or spreads contagion, more effectually than does old paper. Add to its properties in this respect the aromatic charms of stale paste or size, and you have a result delightfully consonant with the idea of twelve "insides" and a close rainy day.

Nex in offensiveness to the hill-sticking nuisance, are the lamp-lighting and the straw nuisances. Both these might be disposed of summarily. The primitive tin-framed lantern, lacquered, is either fixed at the further end of the omnibus, in which case you are choked with the hot smell of the tin; or else it is hooked on the to-eoor, when you are not only choked, but run the risk of being sprinkled with oil every time the door is opened by the conductor. Why not adopt the plan in practice on railways, and have the light suspended beneath a circular hole in the roof of the carriage? Half a day would suffice to make the alteration in all the omnibuses belonging to the company. As to straw, it should be utterly banished, and in its place there should be strong fibre-matting, made open to allow the precipitation of dirt. Another nuisance there is, which might be abolished by a simple order of the directors, and without any expenditure of money or trouble. The men are accustomed to place brushes, curr- combs, wash-leathers, damp rags, bits, chub-chains, whip-stocks, brass furniture, and other miscellaneous tokens, under the miserably thin ends of the inside cushions near the door. Complaint is useless. There is no point on which the conductor is more fiercely decided than his right to torture the two "insiders" who sit nearest him. My own plan, with respect to rags and wash-leathers, is to throw them out of window. A horse-shoe, or other heavy article, is not so easily dealt with, as the consequences, in case of its hitting anybody or anything, might be serious.

Sir, I have named a few of the evils which, as I have said, could be remedied, or entirely got rid of *at once*, and with little expense or labour. Questions of improved ventilation, improved means of ingress and egress, improved accommodation of every kind, must be considered prospectively; as, in fact, pertaining to the Coming Omnibus.

And what will that much looked-for conveyance be like, when it comes? The specimen carriages, on an extravagantly large scale, necessitating three horses instead of two, are understood to have turned out failures. It might have been foreseen that they would be unsuitable to our crowded streets; nevertheless, valuable hints may be taken from the plan of those cumbersome vehicles. The pedal lever, which enables the coachman to put a powerful drag on the hind wheels, deserves to be specially noted for imitation. It is a great saving of labour to horses and men. The strain upon the first, in stopping, is minimised; and the driver is enabled to transfer half the work of his arms to his legs, which, but for this invention, are condemned to inactivity and uselessness. In fact, I have been more pleased by the introduction of this single piece of machinery than I am likely to be by any feature about the model carriage of the company's choice. The life of an omnibus-horse has been something fearful to contemplate, since the system of economising harness led to the universal abolition of the breeching-strap. That appendage enabled the horse to stop the weight behind him by oppressing his own weight thereto—by *simplis invenientia*, if I may use an exploded term of science. But when the breeching-strap was taken away, all the weight, in stopping, was thrown on the poor beast's neck, and it was by sudden and violent pressure on the narrow end of the collar that he was made to obey the driver's check. The new drag will answer the same end as the breeching-strap, and answer it still more effectually. The operation of "pulling up" is a formidable affair no longer, when the heavy carriage can be made to stop of itself, and all that the horses have to do is to stop with it.

Perfect ventilation is absolutely to be demanded in the Coming Omnibus; and perfect ventilation cannot be obtained by ever so wide a surface of the common perforated zinc. Air will not pass freely through holes of less than a quarter of an inch in diameter. Nothing I have seen would be so likely to answer every purpose of ventilation as Moore's patent.

Another great requisite is a safe and easy contrivance for getting up to the top of an omnibus. Something has been done in this respect, but not half enough. In any new omnibus let it be the builder's study to make

outside travelling as practicable, even for women and children, as inside. But however felicitous in its appointments the Coming Omnibus may be, I am distinctly of opinion that matters of greater importance remain behind. The perfection of mechanical arrangement will not ensure comfort, unless a better code be devised for the conduct of the men. Nor can it be expected that they will behave with due propriety, when the example of extortion and negligence is set them by their employers. What improvement, I ask, has there been in the management of any one line, since the company began its operations? The Bayswater omnibuses have been continually altering their table of fares, but the end has told against the public. Again, the cheap line of omnibuses from the Marble Arch to Farringdon Street, have increased their tariff. At one time the outside fare was a penny less than the inside; but this appears to be no longer the case, if I may judge from the fact that the old inscription has disappeared from the back of the vehicle. If the Company is to be allowed to fix their own prices, they ought certainly to be compelled to afford adequate convenience for the money. To this end there should be a strict police inspection of the vehicles. At present the surveillance of the police, authorised though it may be, is a mere farce. Two or three cases have been settled by the magistrates against the Company, for running omnibuses in a disgraceful condition; but it is not too much to say that these two or three cases might be advantageously multiplied by ten.

What, may I ask, has become of the fine scheme of "correspondence," by which we were to be able to travel about London as easily as one may travel about Paris? The company caressed the public with this and other grand promises, which do not seem likely to be ever fulfilled. Troublesome persons, who talked about the danger of implicit confidence in the good faith of a monopoly, were quieted with lucrative appointments. It must now rest with the public to demand strong legislative interference, that they may obtain, if not the wonderful hours which the company promised at starting, at least an honest performance of the duties which that company, as servants of the public, have taken on themselves.

A word respecting the employed. It is a hard thing, Sir, to suggest any additional restrictions on men so bound to a monotonous and excessively fatiguing life as are the drivers and conductors of omnibuses. They are necessarily demoralised by an employment which keeps them, for many hours together, in sight of all the fermentation of a large community—which gives them remarkable opportunities of observing, and which denies them all means of proving the good in what they observe. Ignorant cynicism, I have invariably found, leads to the worst kind of profligacy. "Come to be twelve hours, at a stretch, on this 'era' box, alone of having such bad ossees that you can't hardly ever catch the time at the ends of the journeys, and see what sort of opinions you'd get about your 'livercets'" So said the driver of an omnibus to me not very long ago. Another of his fraternity told me that he wanted time "to regulate his mind." Both these men, becoming communicative on very little encouragement, gave me an insight into existence which seemed to be two-thirds toil and the remainder coarse and reckless depravity.

Now, I would not aggravate the hardships of men who are positively oppressed into vicious courses. They, as well as the riding public, may justly complain that the directors of the company have broken faith with them; for it will be recollect'd, a great point in the prospectus of the London General Omnibus Company was that the men were to be better treated, and were especially to have more leisure time. Still, it will not do to blink the fact, that persons travelling by omnibus are not exempt from personal offence and insult. One very common form of annoyance I will briefly illustrate by an anecdote, for the actual truth of which I am answerable.

Very recently, two ladies, mother and daughter, entered an omnibus which was going from Camden Town to Hungerford Market. They were almost the only passengers. Presently one of their own sex, whose character was unmistakeable, took her place inside, next the door. A flirtation, not of the most delicate kind, immediately commenced between her and the conductor, who seemed to be a familiar acquaintance. The two or three passengers who were in the omnibus, besides the two ladies I have mentioned, alighted, and left them with no other travelling companion inside than the woman by the door. However, three being "bad company," it occurred to our friend the conductor to make up a quartet, which he proceeded to do by taking his seat inside, very close to his female acquaintance, and entering on a series of pleasantries decidedly warmer than modern civilisation tolerates in public. The two ladies then stopped the omnibus, got out, and made their way through mud and rain to Hungerford Market on foot.

This is a fair specimen of many cases which have fallen under my own immediate observation. The intimacy of the conductors of certain lines of omnibuses with the most abandoned of the opposite sex, has frequent results which must be distressing to modest women travelling with strangers. No man who perceives this evil can choose but mention it, if he believes that mentioning it will help to put it down. To the conductors themselves an appeal might be not ineffectually made. Let them commence the reform from within. I am sure, Sir, that you, who admit into your columns an honest censure on the conduct of any body of men, will be equally ready to advocate their cause, and to help in obtaining for them the remedies their condition stands in need of.

Meanwhile, there must be an improvement, not only in the vehicles but in the servants of the company, and in the bearing of the company itself towards the public. The Coming Omnibus will be incomplete without the Coming Men.

DISSOLUTION OF THE GENERAL SCREW STEAM COMPANY.—At a meeting of the General Screw Steam Company, last week, Mr. R. Currie presiding, the resolution for dissolving the undertaking was confirmed. It was stated that the directors propose to return £5 per share, instead of £3, as originally mentioned, and that thereafter they will act as a committee of judicature. The vessels which were to be sold are the Jason, Golden Fleece, Queen of the South, Hyades, Indiana, Lady Jocelyn, Argo, Calcutta, Harbinger, and Bosphorus.

THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY.—During the last week the City of London has been deluged with letters from Sergeant Mereather, the Town Clerk, announcing that all persons on the Parliamentary register who will repair to the Chamberlain's Office, Guildhall, between the hours of eleven and three, on any day during the present month, will be admitted to the freedom of the City, and be put upon the poll to vote for aldermen and common councilmen without any charge. In consequence there has been a tremendous rush to the Chamberlain's Office, and numerous admissions have been made to the freedom of

IMMIGRATION INTO GREAT BRITAIN.—An account of the number of passengers who have arrived in the port of Liverpool during the quarter ended the 30th of September, last has been published. It appears that there were 10,580 persons from America, 1,486 from Australia, and 219 from other places, making a total of 12,315.

LAW AND CRIME

The dismissal of Lord Ernest Tempest from his position in the army, although it appears to satisfy the "Times," will scarcely content the public. That not unimportant portion of the British nation which consists of persons not holding office, is apt to take exceptions even to sentences apparently just, when delivered by a tribunal and in a manner far more likely to be wrong than right. We know that my Lord is punished, but whether for the strictly military offence of breaking his arrest, or for the charges laid against him with respect to his conduct towards Mr. Ames, is kept a profound and needless mystery. We are forced to acknowledge that the court of inquiry might have dismissed Mr. Ames, while we should still have been in the dark as to the grounds of the decision. Close courts of justice have never been regarded with popular favour, and certainly do not assimilate themselves in any way to the present prevailing principles of judicature. As matters stand, however, we may consider the most恭敬ful portion of the charge against his Lordship fully borne out by his own admissions.

In a letter to the leading journal, he commences by seeking to raise a prejudice against Cornel Ames, by stating that gentleman to have caused some mirth at mess by a reckless misplacement of his h's. Of course such an eccentricity must have been peculiarly ludicrous to dragoon officers, who are universally regarded as authorities on orthographical questions. However, Lord Ernest, so far from taking a dislike to the novice upon grammatical grounds, invited him to smoke in his Lordship's rooms, and there the "exspirator" did smoke. Lord Tempest perceived

that his visitor's whiskers were overgrown, and kindly suggested that on one side, as any other lord would have done for me, the pronunciation of his native tongue happened to be defective. Lord Tempest has a natural taste for hairdressing, and other people's whiskers a pleasant jest, tolerable or incongruous in society. In either case, it is probable that he will be liable to get along without him. In his letter, he evidently abominates the conduct of his class. He evidently abominates which have been narrated as illustrations of practices followed by men of his class. He evidently abominates the distinct charge really made against him with respect to the late Ames's bedroom, and chuckles over the fact that he is obliged to rely solely on his own evidence to support a legal defence. His Lordship does not dare to deny. However, the British army has a noble officer; and if Truefit's establishment should happen to be an apprentice in the whisker department, his Lordship need not be congenial employment.

A few days ago, a jury happened to be called upon to view some living in the dead-house appertaining to St. Pancras Workhouse. Jurymen were not a little disgusted with the experience thus offered. It seems that the apartment, shed, or outhouse, in which the bodies of certain of the parochial parasites, the collins being employed as assistants for the usual necessary furniture of chairs and tables. The poor devils either knew this, or they did not. Either, therefore, they formed as to that which it was their express duty and inaction to do. It is very singular, but none the less true, that nothing can be more incapacitate a man for parochial office than the acceptance of it. These jurymen, who only required to cast a glance around to discover a scene repulsive to humanity, were probably not in any way inferior in perception or intellect to the men who countenanced or employed it; but they were not "parochials," and as the matter was one of personal feeling, this made all the difference.

Two notorious thieves took tickets for a long trip by railway. A live policeman telegraphed them along the line, and at every station the fellow-passengers were privately cautioned as to their character. The thieves enjoyed the carriage to themselves for the greater part of the journey, thereby possibly gaining an opportunity of shooting out to all the constables along the line, they made a species of a nature consequently loose in London. This is a singular state of things, considering the wholesome laws which our much-abused ancestors were so much pains to enact and perfect against rogues and vagabonds. It seems that while, in theory, an actor may be committed to jail and the category, in practice pickpockets, garrroters, and burglars may be sent to "run up and down and lie low" with impunity. Our police like their fruit to ripen before they pluck it, if, indeed, they do not prefer when it drops into their mouths.

The chairman of the Surrey sessions, in his address to the grand jury, announced as a result of the system of allowing magistrates to sentence offenders for certain felonies when the culprit plead guilty, that under such ticket-of-leave men and other convicted felons prefer receiving their punishment from the magistrate, as by this means they escape the reversion, which would follow their committal for trial, and result in a evasion of the act of which such criminals avail themselves was introduced to the public the expense of prosecuting for petty robbery, but the chairman stated, must be a very delusive economy.

The most fearful propensity of our criminal classes of persons, is fiendish cruelty and wanton recklessness of human suffering with which they pursue even their most trifling objects. A garrotte thief will strangle a victim, fracture his skull with a life-preserver, and kick his ribs he insinuates on the pavement, to secure a silver watch, which the robber will afterwards readily sell for a few shillings to a Jew receiver. The wife-leaver (as Daniel Honey of Holloway did last week) will beat his wife's face with a candlestick, and when remonstrated with, knew his adviser in the stonech, probably reducing him to a helpless invalid for the rest of his days, without even the hope of making his own escape by this cruel effort. For the inducement of a tolerable booty, a farmer was few days ago so cruelly maltreated that his agonies, until death supervened, are described as "truly harrowing." The highwayman, ancient courtesy, equified as it may have been, of calling to his quarry to "stand and deliver," or offering him the alternative of yielding up or his life, is disregarded as a rule. The modern robber thrashes his victim's skull into a shapeless mass as the only projectile. A poor labourer, named Ellis, while returning on Saturday night with a small quantity of meat and groceries, was knocked down with a life-preserver, and then received blows with the instrument on his face till his features were so disfigured as to be unrecognisable. On Monday last, loud cries attracted the passer-by to a shop in Parliament Street, where a fellow was found with a life-preserver smashing the head of the shopman by repeated blows, in order to secure a package of jewellery. Three people, including the parents of a child at Birmingham, wished to remove it, and accordingly poisoned it, by pouring a quantity of oil of vitriol down its throat, subjecting the little creature, as a necessary consequence, to the most horrible torments. In the most ordinary cases of assault the aggressor almost invariably kicks his opponent, jumps on him when down, or swears with disgusting oaths to have his life. It is reported from many sources that the terrible catastrophe at the Surrey Hall was the result of a plan formed by an organisation of thieves, who did not scruple to run the risk of sacrificing the lives of scores of innocent persons, in order to secure a haul of jewellery, purses, and pocket-handkerchiefs. When the thief gets a member of society into his power, no torture, maiming, deprivation of the means of future subsistence, or hideous disfigurement, seems too great to gratify his sullen, brutal rage. When society catches the thief, society takes him before a magistrate, who watches only an opportunity to dismiss the charge. Policemen dare not take his confession without previously giving warning that it may be used to his disadvantage; the justice carefully cautions him to the same effect, before requiring him to answer the charge; his attorney "reserves his defence;" and, if at length convicted, the felon is fed and housed in jail in a style that innocent paupers envy. The London pedestrian may often see in our streets a tradesman or other ordinary decent man, who has captured a thief in the act, and is awaiting the vainly-exploited poise to remove the prisoner. All the captor's care (next to regaining his grasp) usually appears to be not to hurt the fellow; as when some sympathetic scoundrel seconds the thief's entreaties to have his nose punched and let go, the captor appears to shudder at the brutality of the idea of striking another in cold blood. It is not improbable that in the case of really outrages misplaced lenity on the one hand encourages the savagery on the other. The more the old principle of real and severe punishment for sturdy offenders is set at nought, the more brutally and cruelly do our criminals imagine themselves entitled to behave with impunity. On the same principle, a good, sound, hearty caning, administered on the spot, to a pickpocket, by the first gentleman who discovers his attempt, would do more towards terrifying the fellow out of evil courses than all the prud, chaplains, and treadmills in the metropolis.

Poisoning at Hackney—IMPORTANT CASE.—An extraordinary investigation was carried out by Mr. Baker, the Coroner, on Tuesday. Some time since, Elizabeth Gaynor, a married woman, living at Hackney, and aged thirty, had taken this drug for the purpose of procuring miscarriage; and that the poison had been bought by her husband, with knowledge of the purpose to which it was to be applied. Dr. Lethbridge, who analysed the deceased's stomach, exhibited the evidence by deposing that death had arisen from the effects of the drug. The coroner, in summing up, observed that the case was clearly one of wilful murder against the husband, who had been engaged in a felonious act which had lost his life; and if a woman took poison to produce miscarriage, and fatal consequences ensued, she was guilty of self-murder. The jury, after some deliberation, returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" against William Gaynor, and also a verdict of "Felodolce" against Elizabeth Gaynor. The coroner then issued a warrant for the commitment of the accused to Newgate; and a similar document was placed in the hands of the summoning officer for Hackney, for the midnight burial of the deceased, whose body was interred with the usual funeral service.

POLICE.

MURDER OF A SHOPMAN IN PARLIAMENT STREET.—John Jenkins was brought before Mr. Jardine, on Tuesday, charged with a murderous assault on Robert Cope, assistant to Mr. Berry, jeweller, 5½, Parliament Street.

He lived, 11, Chapel Street, Oxford Street, said—I was going through Parliament Street, at about eleven o'clock last night, when I heard a slight moaning as I passed the shop. I saw some persons standing near the door, and inquire what was the matter? Some one said a man was guarding with his wife; and I went on a bit, but returned, and when I came back I saw the prisoner striking a man with an instrument which I took to be a file preserver. I cried out, "For God's sake go and secure him!" the prisoner, after stooping to pick up a parcel behind the door, came out of the shop, smoking a cigar, and walked away. I followed, and cried "Stop him!" and then he began to run. He was stopped in Palace Yard.

Further evidence was given by Mr. Berry, by Allen, a witness who stopped him, and by Inspector Bradstock. The prisoner was remanded for further examination.

He had hardly been removed from the dock when the news was received that the unfortunate young man had expired of his wounds. The case will therefore assume the character of a case of murder.

ANOTHER "DEFALCATOR."—Daniel William Ruffy, Secretary to the United Patriot National Benefit and Provident Assurance Society, was charged with having embezzled the sum of £1, the property of the trustees.

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY AT BOGNOR.—John Richardson, William Shearing, and John Clark, were recently tried for stealing a cash box, containing upwards of £200, from the Clarence Hotel, Bognor. It was established by evidence that the prisoners were all three at the hotel, on the afternoon of the day in question, for about two hours, a portion of which time they were in the bar, and two, if not the three men were there alone for a short time. In a drawer in the bar the cash box was kept, and at three o'clock it was all safe; but some time after the prisoners had left the loss was discovered, and, in consequence of a telegraphic communication from Chichester the same night, the prisoners were captured at the London Bridge station, having left by the 7.35 train from Chichester. Richardson was then seen to throw something out of the carriage window, which proved to be a roll of notes and a bank post bill, and the latter and several of the notes were identified by the prosecutor as part of the proceeds of the robbery. The prisoners were found guilty, and a former conviction was proved against Richardson, who was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude, and Shearing and Clark to four years each.

The above statement having been made, Mr. Boustead, the chief clerk, read the following extract from the letter which formed the ground of complaint:—

"I will make him (the first part of the letter alluding to Sir Richard Mayne) a living memento of my vengeance, no matter what the suffering afterwards. It will be a terrible lesson for other commissioners, and teach them how to act in a fair manner to all under them."

The same letter contained another paragraph to the following effect:—

"I will not exist without having a terrible revenge on him. My mind is made up, and should I be driven to it, I will make him suffer as much, if not more, than he has made me experience for the last three years."

In reply to the charge, the prisoner said he had only to object to the wording of the charge on the warrant. He did not threaten to "murder;" he only wished to contrast the punishment he might give him (Sir Richard Mayne) with what he had given him the prisoner.

Mr. Secker, having referred to various parts of the letter, one portion of which stated "that he could not shoot him, as he was not worth a pistol," said he believed he had committed an offence under the 10th and 11th Vict., which sets forth "that any person knowingly uttering any letter threatening to murder," &c. However, in order that further inquiries might be made respecting him, he should remand him till Monday next.

BRITISH BRAVES.—Robert Penrose, George Cooke, and William Stackell, privates in the Coldstream Guards, were brought up for re-examination, charged with assaulting several persons, women and men; and a man named Harris was charged with inciting a crowd to rescue the prisoners from the custody of the police.

We reported the case last week. On this occasion one of the injured women, Mary Chaires, who had till then been confined to her bed, gave evidence. She stated that on Sunday night she was going along Bishop's Road, Paddington, with some friends, when she saw the three soldiers. One of them (Cooke) put his arm round her neck. She got away and went across the road to her friends. One of the prisoners then came up to a young man she was in company with, and knocked him down. She tried to save him from falling, when the soldier gave her a severe blow on her chest and kicked her. She at once became insensible, and had suffered very great pain ever since.

Cooke alleged that the complainant interfered with him first. The complainant positively denied that she ever said a word to him or to either of his companions.

The prisoners were all sent for trial.

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The defendants—but our witnesses saw him do it as well as ourselves. We asked him three times to let the boy go before we interfered at all.

Mr. Maynard—"We don't believe it, and we fine you 10s. each and expenses, or fourteen days' imprisonment with hard labour in the House of Correction at Derby.

The defendants paid the fine.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY AND MURDER NEAR SHEFFIELD.—Mr. John Whittaker, a farmer and cattle-dealer, of Thrybergh, near Rotherham, had been to York cattle fair, and on his way home, in a lonely situation, he saw four men standing at the bottom of Winner Hill. When he got up to them the men surrounded him and tried to secure him. He struggled with them, and the robbers repeatedly dealt him very heavy blows on the head. At length they got him on to the ground, and he stuck fast to one of the robbers by the leg, and felt that he trembled very much; but the villain, in order to render Mr. Whittaker insensible, struck him repeatedly and violently over the head with a whip-stock, to the end of which was fastened a ball of lead. At length the fellows had secured money—in notes, gold, and silver—to the amount of about £200. The thief then dragged him, bleeding profusely from several wounds on the head, a little further up the road, through a very weak and exhausted condition, he managed to creep along the road to the house of Mr. Stenger, miller. The servant immediately let him in. Here on Saturday night the assault (which took place on the preceding Thursday) he died.

A FEMALE HORSE STEALER.—A woman named Ann Harris was last week charged before the Island of Newgate, with stealing a mare, the property of Mr. Morgan, of Drawbridge, Islington. Evidence was given showing that the mare was in a field on the prosecutor's farm on the night of the 1st instant; that she was missed the next morning, and that on that day she was sold by the prosecutor at Abingdon fair to Mr. Lewis Thomas, who occupies the farm adjoining that of the prosecutor. Mr. Thomas did not discover a horse more had purchased until his return home when the animal was recognized by some of his servants as belonging to Mr. Morgan. The prisoner was fully committed for trial.

MONK IN JERSEY.—A man named Le Gresley is now in custody at St. Ouen's for the murder of his wife, on the 11th inst. Le Gresley was seen in the morning digging potatoes, and his unfortunate wife was seen about five minutes past eleven o'clock with a digging fork in her hand, proceeding in the direction of where her husband was employed. Afterwards he was seen tending his pigs and performing other work, but the poor woman was seen no more alive. At twelve o'clock the children returned from school, and did not find their mother at home, went in search of her, and found her dead in a field. The murdered woman had been killed with the fork, one of the prongs of which having been driven into the back of the skull, and entering the brain, must have caused instant death. The prisoner was found in a state of seeming indifference, and from the time of his arrest has maintained a gloomy silence. There can be but little, if any doubt, that the man is in a state of apathetic insanity.

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY AT BODMIN.—John Richardson, William Shearing, and John Clark, were recently tried for stealing a cash box, containing upwards of £200, from the Clarence Hotel, Bodmin. Mr. Lewis added, that for the information of the country members of the society, of whom there were present 3000 to 4000, he would state that the society was still perfectly solvent, and had from £2,000 to £3,000 at their bankers.

The prisoner was remanded, the bail being fixed at £2,000, the prisoner in £1,000, and two sureties left £500 each, with twenty-four hours' notice.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE THREATENED BY AN EX-POLICE MAN.—John Casey was discharged from the R division of police, whose defalcations Mr. Lewis, the solicitor, estimated at £1,500. Mr. Lewis added, that for the information of the country members of the society, of whom there were present 3000 to 4000, he would state that the society was still perfectly solvent, and had from £2,000 to £3,000 at their bankers.

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The same letter contained another paragraph to the following effect:—

"I will not exist without having a terrible revenge on him. My mind is made up, and should I be driven to it, I will make him suffer as much, if not more, than he has made me experience for the last three years."

In reply to the charge, the prisoner said he had only to object to the wording of the charge on the warrant. He did not threaten to "murder;" he only wished to contrast the punishment he might give him (Sir Richard Mayne) with what he had given him the prisoner.

Mr. Secker, having referred to various parts of the letter, one portion of which stated "that he could not shoot him, as he was not worth a pistol," said he believed he had committed an offence under the 10th and 11th Vict., which sets forth "that any person knowingly uttering any letter threatening to murder," &c. However, in order that further inquiries might be made respecting him, he should remand him till Monday next.

BRITISH BRAVES.—Robert Penrose, George Cooke, and William Stackell, privates in the Coldstream Guards, were brought up for re-examination, charged with assaulting several persons, women and men; and a man named Harris was charged with inciting a crowd to rescue the prisoners from the custody of the police.

We reported the case last week. On this occasion one of the injured women, Mary Chaires, who had till then been confined to her bed, gave evidence. She stated that on Sunday night she was going along Bishop's Road, Paddington, with some friends, when she saw the three soldiers. One of them (Cooke) put his arm round her neck. She got away and went across the road to her friends. One of the prisoners then came up to a young man she was in company with, and knocked him down. She tried to save him from falling, when the soldier gave her a severe blow on her chest and kicked her. She at once became insensible, and had suffered very great pain ever since.

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Street for short paper is now 6 per cent., and in the Stock Exchange advances have been made upon foreign bonds and railway shares as high as 10 to 12 per cent.

The 4 per cent., for transfer, have marked 91½ to 92½, and the 5½ per cent., India bonds, 91½ to 92½, and foreign bonds, 91½ to 92½.

In the foreign house more business has been transacted, and the quotations have had an upward tendency. Turkish stocks, 90½ to 91, during the account, 91, the 4 per cent., 90½ to 91. Brazil in 100, 87½ to 88½, Buenos Ayres 6 per cent., 81½, Chilean 6 per cent., 71½, Danish 3 per cent., 84½, Mexico 4 per cent., 81½, Portuguese 3 per cent., 43 to 44, San Domingo 5 per cent., 81½, Spanish 3 per cent., 42 to 42½, the new debt, 23½ to 24.

Although the dealings in most railway shares have been suspended, prices have been well supported. Calcutta, 91, 92½ to 93½, Great Northern, 91, 92½, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 99½, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 5

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